

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 791.—23 July, 1859.—Third Series, No. 69.

CONTENTS.

PLATE.—PORTRAIT OF TENNYSON.

1. Alfred Tennyson,	<i>Portrait Gallery,</i>	186
2. Memoirs of Port-Royal,	<i>North British Review,</i>	202
3. Music Next Door,	<i>Chambers's Journal,</i>	226
4. Holmby House. Chaps. 14, 15,		232
5. The Sisters,	<i>Chambers's Journal,</i>	244
6. The European Crisis: England's Duty,	<i>Economist,</i>	240
7. The Relations of England with France,	"	251
8. France, Russia, and Germany,	"	252
9. Foreign Policy of the New Government,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	254

POETRY.—My Stars and Garters, 225. Her Majesty's Speech, 230. The Brook, 231. Love Me Little, Love Me Long, 231. The Baby, 231. To the Wind, 231.

SHORT ARTICLES.—The Story of a Woman's Life, 201. Thackeray's New Stories, 201. Metternich, 201. Ornamental Glass, 256. Death of Mr. Charles Ollier, 256.

NEW BOOK.

THE THREE ERAS OF WOMAN'S LIFE. A NOVEL. By Elizabeth Elton Smith. Boston, T. & H. P. Burnham.

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ALFRED TENNYSON.*

ALFRED TENNYSON is an English clergyman's son. He was born in Lincolnshire, was taught Greek and "the humanities" at Trinity College, Cambridge, imbibed a species of poetic mysticism from Shelley, learned metaphysics and simplicity of diction from Wordsworth, and studied poetry from nature. There is little known of Tennyson personally. All that can be said of him individually might be written upon his tombstone, and his epitaph would neither be redundant nor very particular. He is said to be of a retiring, reflective disposition, and this is almost the only characteristic of the man that you could discover through the medium of his poetry; for you might as well seek to discover the peculiar mood and chief mode of Shakspeare's spirit in his plays as Tennyson's in his two little volumes. The one is an impersonality, an abstraction, with no material form, but soul enough to supply a legion of inferior beings to himself with vitality, sensation, and thought; his creations tremble on the verge of his own spirituality, and graduate down from a Prospero to a Caliban. You feel Shakspeare in his dramas, you know him to be superior to all you read, or all that even his electric thoughts, clothed in radiant words, can suggest, but you cannot see him; he is too subtle to be grasped like a palpable essence; he is too spiritual to be seen; he is the soul that permeates through and vivifies the modifications of his thoughts, investing them with life and motion, but which loses its personality in the multiplicity of forms which it assumes. There are no distinctive marks of a woolcomber, or a poacher, or a second-rate player, or a punch-quaffing wit, that could make the shafts of raillery flash round the brow of jolly Ben like the lightnings of Jove round the brow of old Titan. There is nothing of Shakspeare's self, but the philosophy of human nature, which belongs more or less to all men as well as to him, in all he says or sings, so that it is not to his writings that man will go for a history of his habits. It is not in Tennyson's poems that men will discover the great lineaments of his nature. It is true that the individual human soul may be said to have no particular aspect, and even in its successive passions and moods there is a seeming but no real identity; still there is an individuality of mind when in repose—a uniformity

in its periods of rest which all men believe they can perceive, and even this Tennyson's mind-mirror fails to show us. Tennyson is a poet, even a great poet, although his productions are not numerous, and these productions cannot be said to be popular. If present popularity is the only safe presage of future glory, then Alfred may not anticipate the brightening of his star in the horizon of posterity; but if even the "prince of critics" is fallible, and the precedent of Wordsworth is a reed worth the leaning on in faith, then he may without presumption hope to emerge from the dim, indefinite, abysmal region where flickers the nebulae of neglected or ostracised genius into a bright place in the galaxy of fame. Indeed, the sphere of Tennyson's influence is already steadily widening, and men are seeking to know more of him, so it is likely that in this age of calm revision and correction—in this period of examination and amendment of extreme opinions and sentences, passed by a proximate but now decayed censorship, he may assume his true position at the poetical round-table. His literary career has been a counterpart of his own—quiet and unassuming as regards the author, but, like his own passion-painting, as relates to the world of criticism, torn and fondled between extremes.

In 1831, his first offering was laid upon the altar of his country's poetic genius; and while it was savagely mangled by some of the fierce tribunes of the republic of letters as a rescript of the puerilities and absurdities of a presumptuous, would-be-mystical boy-dreamer, others exalted it to a high place in their veneration. To his first volume succeeded a second, not larger in dimensions than its predecessor, and possessing less of the proprieties of style and thought. This production, even the small but zealous coteries of Tennyson's admirers were forced to admit, exhibited less poetic excellence than his first; and the revision and weeding of his two books for a third edition, in 1843, showed that the poet himself acquiesced in the decision of his friends. It is to be lamented that in this censorship over himself, however, he was too severe, as he expelled with the huge "krakens" of his dis-tempered fancy the mild and lovely "syrens" of his better dreams—an indiscriminateness of expulsion which his admirers regret and his friends condemn.

Tennyson we conceive to be excellent in all

* Written some years ago.

the forms of poetry—in the descriptive, enthusiastic, dramatic, and reflective. His verse is generally as soft and mellifluous as the sweet-singing waters of Paradise; it is a form of song with heart-chords that can thrill in the wild delirium of passion, tremble amidst the doubts and fears of a morbid, half-misanthropic scepticism, or enunciate strains of gentlest love. In description he ranges from an extreme minuteness and precision that may appear finical and feeble, to a grandeur and power that inspire the listener with awe. You are at one moment looking with him into a "long green box of mignonette," and listening to the prattle of a pretty youth regarding the charms of a pretty girl; in the next your eyes are fixed on the broad expanse of a wild dreary world, with a dull unbroken sterility before you where you can see

"Far as the wild swan wings, to where the sky
Dipt down to sea and sands."

As you gaze with this magician upon this dull, ideal region of his darker mood, and behold

"The ragged rims of thunder brooding low,
With shadow streaks of rain,"

you imbibe a dreamy sense of agony from the earnestness of his temper; your heart grows cold as you look through the dim and lurid vista which he opens to your vision, and nightmare seems to ride upon your strangled sleep as his intense, too real landscape hangs like a changeless circumstance upon your eyes. When you are attempting to rouse yourself to wrestle with the power, however, that raised this dismal picture in the phantasmagoria of your soul, behold he changes the scene:—

"And one, an English home—gray twilight
poured

On dewy pastures, dewy trees
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored—
A haunt of ancient peace,"

rises, like a dream of the spirit-land, before your enraptured sense of inward sight. You roam in restless wonder with this mighty painter, who combines the distinctive palpable power of individualizing and grouping possessed by Raphael, the grandeur of M. Angelo, and the richness of Titan's vehicle, together with the softness of Claude, through all gradations and changes of nature's aspects. You are with him in the soft twilight-haunted chambers of his father's parsonage, or you are scanning with the wonder of Vathek the thousand-throned hall of Eblis, and he is at home

in them all. In richness and profusion of metaphor, in a full luxuriant amplitude of descriptive imagery, perhaps Coleridge alone surpassed him, as he hardly excels him even in the soft musical cadence of his numbers. Tennyson has been a poet since his earliest years; he has fed since earliest boyhood upon all the phenomena of nature that observation could lay before his ken, and he has revolved all the images and aspects of things in his ideality, fancy, and reason, until he has made them parts of himself; there is a confident abandonment in his fancy that takes captive the spirit of his auditor, and reduces it to his own mood, when he gets abroad to the world or valley. You feel that every blade of grass and every flower is known to him, and that the voices of the winds, and trees, and purling brooks, and sobbing streams, are all familiar to his ear as the laugh of the "airy fairy Lilian."

Critics have been almost universally agreed upon the surpassing beauty of his "Recollections of the Arabian Nights." They are indeed a poetic dream of beauty, whose elements, like ore of gold, have lain refining in the crucible of a soul familiar with beauty's quintessence, until they have resolved themselves into the symmetry, consistency, and melody of an almost perfect poem. It was

"When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,"

that the germ of this exquisite orient spectacle implanted itself in his memory; and no sooner do we step into the shallop with him, which rides upon the fragrant, glistening deeps, over which hang the low and blooming foliage of the groves of his recollections, than the "tide of time" flows back with us, and away we are borne again to the "sheeny summer morn" of youth, on which we used to sit enraptured amidst the gem-clad groves of Aladdin. The golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid rises like a galaxy of suns before our vision, and onward we float with the poet,

"By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old,"

cleaving with the prow of the shallop, which sparkles like a thousand prisms, with colors as bright as the plume of the peacock, "the citron shadows in the blue;" we pass with a whirl through folded doors flung open for our admission; we bathe ourselves in the rays of the gold-reflected light that falls with a dim, luxurious, mellow radiance on the brodered sofas that

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ranged on either side along the walls of that gorgeous palace, whose grandeur was only fit for, and commensurate with, the "goodly time," the golden prime of good Haroun Al-raschid. Never did Mussulman, amidst the luxury and langor of the harem of harems, and surrounded by all the attributes of the East—with Eastern odors and sunshine and magic and beauty—dream such a dream of Paradise as does Alfred Tennyson, or people it with such a *houri* as she—but let the poet describe her: it were almost profanation for other to attempt it—

"Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tress'd with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;
The sweetest lady of the time,
Well worthy of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Al-raschid."

Tennyson's ideal of woman is almost Shakspearian. It is a chaste and ethereal conception, such as we would suppose to germinate in the imagination of one who had a dim traditional idea of Milton's Eve in her conditions of purity and sin. His women are as beautiful as Byron's, with less of dross about them. They are outlined with a free yet delicate pencil; you can perceive the very bend of their soft feminine forms, as, sitting amongst roses, lilies, and delicate carnations, they turn their large swimming eyes upon their worshipper, nor chide him that "he gazes too fondly on each face." Each of his women may be termed an articulation in the anatomy of love; one almost might construct a complete economy of the passion, from its dawn to its death, by studying the Clarabels, Lilians, Marianas, Isabels, and Eones of his fancy, and observing the phenomena of the "consuming fire" in the spirits of each.

"Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel, little Lilian."

Portia does not more distinctly draw her own portrait, and at the same time give us an insight into her mind, where woman's wit and woman's tenderness combine, when she declares, "My little body is aware of this great world," than does Tennyson in these few glow-

ing words, cut out from the elements that store the studio of his imagination, a palpable, rosy-cheeked, beautiful, "airy fairy" girl. You see her little feet, that scarce could crush the rose, and from the pressure of which the resilient daisy would raise its dew-crowned head and smile again; you see her flitting like another Ariel around the young boy-bard, and you listen to hear the tinkle of silver bells chiming to the music of her footfalls; but instead, you hear her clap her tiny hands, and laugh in the unrestrained joyousness of a girlhood that has known no sorrow. And this Lilian, you may perceive, has wit, and what is more, she has capacities for deep and eternal love:

"When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She, looking through and through me,
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling never speaks."

Why does she not speak? are an undistinguishable throng of feelings, subdued and cherished long, crowding from the deep fountains of her heart into her voice and eyes? And doubts, too; for she is not yet into the vortex of love; perhaps doubts impel her to look

"So innocent—arch, so cunning—simple,
From beneath her gather'd wimple,
Glancing with black-beaded eyes
Till the lightning laughter's dimple
The baby roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies."

The sunshine of this "May" Lilian's spring of life has never known a cloud; the song of "Pan, knit with the graces and the hours in dance," has ever found an echo in her young, fresh, crystalline spirit; and however "gaiety without eclipse" may weary a young transcendentalist lover, Lilian will laugh until she feels the first agony of sorrow; and then we are mistaken in her nature if the shadows of deep and consuming thoughts will not flit across her pale transparent brow, to reveal how strongly she can feel, as well as rejoice.

Amongst the most popular of Tennyson's poems, as well as one of the most perfect of his pictures, is his "Mariana in the Moated Grange." There is not in the whole circle of literature a more beautiful illustration perhaps of the process of poetical accretion than is this sense-satisfying system of delineations; for it is not one excellence placed amongst many subdued, ill-executed crudities, which it is expected to eclipse, and whose blemishes it is anticipated, will enhance by contrast its

own beauties; but it is a picture perfect in outline, filling up, tone, keeping, and execution. The words from Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure," of "Mariana in the Moated Grange," to speak physiologically, is the corpuscle which, in the womb of the poet's fancy, grew particle by particle into a complete organization of female loveliness, framed in every circumstance of life's and love's cold sorrow. She is the sister of that wealthy, honored Frederick, whom the cold, calculating, selfish Angelo wooed and won, when she was in the full flush of her charms, and surrounded by all the pomp of wealth-bringing circumstances; she is the sister of that Frederick who perished at the sea, when the argosie went down that bore his sister's nuptial dowry; and she is the deserted of that same Angelo who lavished so much of his love upon her gold that he had none for her. From these suggestive words uttered by the Duke—"At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana"—Tennyson creates a scene of dull desolation, which the mind becomes drowsy in contemplating. A woman, forsaken of the man she loved and still loves, stands listlessly looking from her casement across the "glooming flats." She does not look to mark his coming. Her eye used to light his path, like Hero's torch, and it grew brighter as he approached; but it is only from habit, or from a hidden, unrevealed impulse that she approaches her window now. She is dejected; and how finely in keeping with that dejection, how true to the philosophy of sympathy, is the decay of those surrounding objects, which, when her heart was fresh and green, were trim, and neat, and full of her soul-reflected beauty! The flower-plots, no longer tended by her tender care and sunned in her smiles, are "crusted by blackest moss;" the peach-trees—sure mark of desertion—hang trailing on the ground, and the rusty nails drop from the crumbling tenement, whose rotten thatch moulders from the broken roof. Ah! it was once a pleasant home: when her mother bustled through the rooms; when her father sat at this very casement, and, gazing on the setting sun, circled her waist with his strong arm; when her young, buoyant brother climbed that poplar whose trunk is now "all silver green, with gnarled bark," and shook its branches, as he laughed, and shouted "Mariana!" She sees these faces again: these old familiar faces rise in the vista of her

memory, and flit before her sight; she hears their voices awake with the night-wail of the wind, and whisper recollections of youth's holy loves; but she retains neither the memories of youth nor love: her soul is full of one thought, one corroding agony:

"The night is dreary:
He cometh not," she said.
She said, 'I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!'"

All our sympathies are won from us by a strong yet sad necessity, as we gaze upon this lonely woman through the speculum which Tennyson holds up to our senses. Her beauty; her desolateness of condition and heart; the dreary, bleak silence of the scene in which she resides; the half-cherished recollections that would fain rise with the vibrations of her sighs and reflect themselves in her tears, but which vanish in the soul-absorbing, melancholy cadence of that sweet, low-toned, sorrow-stricken overture; all these electric agencies of sympathy operate so powerfully upon the sensitive heart, that we are almost impelled to declare that this is no accretive vision, no child of imagination, no skilful combination of analogies, but a too sad, too vivid reality.

There is no doubt but that one of the strongest evidences of high art is this same power of sympathy which Tennyson so eminently possesses. He loses himself in his subject, and thus, in some intangible form of beauty, gains admission to the heart and sympathy of his sympathetic auditor. Was it the "Isabella" of Shakspeare that his fancy dissociated from the relations amongst whom the "sweet singer of Avon" placed her, and idealized, in tints as soft and beautiful as those of Murillo, into the glowing individuality which he calls "Isabel?" She is only the meet companion of a poet this Isabel; and not of a poet who has an equivoque of "dirt and deity," but of a transcendentalist. It was not meant that such an one as she should listen to the ribald jests of Lucio, or to the coward cravings of the licentious Claudio; but we feel that "Isabella" or "Isabel," is in proper society when she has become for a season one of the dream-goddesses of Alfred Tennyson.

There is one essential, identical element in Tennyson's pictures of women, which bears the same relation to them all that the true or beautiful bears to poetry; it is indeed the poetry of his women varying only in its

aspects, not in its essence, and that is beauty. "Madeline," who ranges through light and shadow, "darting sudden glances sweet and strange," and luxuriating in

"Delicious spites and darling angers,
And airy forms of flitting change,"

is the same spirit of beauty which he imparts to the frame of "Cleopatra," that

"Queen with swarthy cheeks and bold, black eyes,
Who govern'd men with change."

His "Margaret," dressed with a Trojan maiden's robes, and roused to a highly dramatic state of passion, might easily pass for the twin-sister of "Eone." Tennyson's mind is haunted with visions of beautiful women; and they would seem to us not to be at home save in the elysium which his glowing imagination has painted for them. His "gardener's daughter" lives in a paradise of roses, as beautiful as are the shades where the "Fair Rosamond" and "Jephthah's daughter" flit about in their disembodied loveliness; yet they are all women, although refined and elevated to a kinship with the poet's mind. "Dora" is one of Miss Mitford's beautiful little tales rendered in blank verse; perhaps the prose version of the story is the more ornamental. There are two instances, however, in which he gives us glances of women, which we would specially notice—they are so true to what woman is, if his other pictures are only visions of what she should or might be. The one is of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," the other is of "Cousin Amy" in "Locksley Hall." We feel something like a proud sense of Tennyson's manliness in looking with him at the former; we tremble with him as he repeats a few bitter but prophetic words regarding the latter. "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" will never break a heart like his; for, like Scott's "Lila," she is merely a "lady"—a cold, soulless, aristocratic damsel, like one of her forefathers' devices wrought in china. She would kill a world of plebian men with the sound of her name, if she could; but what effect could this one phonetic attribute have upon the heart of him who can say—

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good:
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood?"

So say we; and if Tennyson had proclaimed more cognate truths in this same strain, the world would not only have been the more beautiful but better on his account. It would be well if the "Lady Clara Vere de Veres" of this land would take the following lesson to heart; and it is a pity that Alfred Tennyson had not infused more of the didactic element into his strains:—

"Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor upon your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go!"

"Locksley Hall" is one of those combinations of the mystical, the beautiful, the true, and the passionately ironical, which, from its internal contrasts, becomes a better remembered whole. M. Michelet could write a volume of philosophy upon the following propositions:—

"As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down."

How true! This is poetry; for it suggests a long train of thoughts—of the fall of a superior nature to the condition of one which is brutal, but which will be dominant because it is man's. Woman, if she associates much with a man, assimilates to him; it is her nature to be moulded in conformity with what, by a moral necessity, becomes her ideal of strength. "To wish and think as man does, to act and suffer with him," is marriage; and Amy, as certainly as Tennyson has said it, will become as gross as the clown whose love vibrates between a horse, a hound, and woman.

It were almost supererogatory to say that Tennyson is an original poet. This fact has been often repeated, yet we think that we can trace resemblances in his poems to many of his predecessors. In his ballad of "Oriana," and it is a powerful one, there is much of the distinct, sonorous echo of Campbell's "Hohenlinden." The imagery is as palpable, the verse, if it wanted the second last repeat of "Oriana," as free. There are touches of Keats, Coleridge, and Wordsworth in his pictures, but so slight that you see they are half tints which have been acquired from reading and not from study. Tennyson's style is English; indeed his language is as much so as

Cobbett's; but it is almost unpardonable of the poet, when commentators and modern editors are translating the obsolete words and phrases of Shakspeare, that he should dim the light of his meaning, or break the even tenor of our sympathy with him, by recalling from disuse words which are only known to the antiquarian etymologist, and which can have no other tendency than to confine him to the few who have leisure to rest with him at his pauses.

Tennyson's morbid, changing, doubting, unsatisfied spirit, which he so finely allegorises in his "Palace of Art" with its passionate love of the "good and true" and its fine capacities for a Joshua-like position in the van of progressive man, has been content to take refuge from its own vague hypochondriac sorrows in the past. He suffers and he is dissatisfied; he creates a region in which his own soul may dwell, and he keeps himself from contact with man, in order that he may live and suffer in this egotistical ideal world of his. But poets, of all men, do not live for themselves; they rule the world whether they will or no. They may see far beyond the present ken of other men, and may speak so unintelligibly that they will for a time be set aside and neglected; but, if they have discovered one phase more of truth, they will yet operate upon the living mind; for humanity requires all forms of truth and beauty, and the original poet must, although his body has gone away, reign over at some time the intellectual and consequently the bodily world.

Tennyson's young, fresh muse was nursed in a time of fierce human action. The world had reached one of its climacterics. The people were "awearry, awearry," but, instead of wishing that they were dead, they panted for more light, and a more spiritual life, when he appeared upon the stage of thought. His poems, however, hardly allude to the era of their birth, and they certainly are not colored with the light of that era. He suffers, and he knows that *we* suffer; but he only develops himself in the spasmodic throes of his doubt, or in the mnemonical glory of his innocence; he does not speak to us in the language of sympathy, and of hope. He is indeed what George Gilfillan calls him—an "artist, but no prophet."

Genius is a rare gift, and it is given to man for a high and holy purpose; it will shine of its own native lustre, and it will illumine all

who recognize it; but it depends upon its possessor whether it will be expended in phantasmagoric displays that merely minister to the senses and the educated imagination, or whether it will glide before man like the pillar of fire, leading him on towards a new region of life. The poet has his mission to perform as well as the more prosy portion of his brother men; he has duties devolving on him, and he is responsible for the performance or intromission of those duties. If the impulse of the world is forward, he is the first to feel and know so; for that impulse was born at some former time of a poet, and the living one intuitively recognizes his departed brother's voice. He has no excuse, therefore, for expending his precious hours, his glowing thoughts, and his sweet-toned voice, in painting the hues of the peacock's tail, or in contemplating the variations of those hues, while the poor bird suffers and cries to him, the man of thought, for sympathy and aid. We have had enough of the past; we have had enough of description, of passion, and cold reflection; we now want sympathy, and hope, and direction. Alfred Tennyson was born and lives at a time when men are shouting in the wilderness of the world, "Oh, for a better time!" He might have been the herald of a new era; the prophet-preacher of a "good time coming." He has a right appreciation of human nature; knows man to be what nature says he is. Conventional titles are not so high in his estimation as that of man. But he wanted courage to become a teacher, and left to far less capable men the direction of the mind of the masses. He rests upon the downy couch of his study, with a pension of two hundred pounds per annum, to assist in preserving his dream-languor; and the images of an elegant but too ethereal fancy flit round his brow. He is content to be styled "Tennyson, the star of the new poetic era;" we had rather that he had chosen, with his fine genius and magic song, to have been "Tennyson, the poet of a new and better moral era." He has capacities for such a position, and he knows that he has; "but, sickening of a vague disease," he is too tremulous to attempt to preach. He tells us that

"Meet it is changes should control
Our being, lest we rust in ease;
We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul."

We know this; this is true. Tell us, Alfred

Tennyson, if thou knowest, or ask thy master, Thomas Carlyle, to tell us our destiny. The Hebrew prophet led the children of Israel from a Goshen of slavery and toil to a better land; the children of Jacob cried, like thy "Lotoseaters," "Ah! why should life all labor be?" and the prophet, inspired by the Infinite, did not answer them with contemptuous hopeless moralisings, such as

"But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime."

He sympathized with his people, and, leaving the land of his exile and seclusion, he came

and wept with and encouraged them. Why does not Alfred Tennyson leave the Midian of his retirement to point the people's way to the coming Canaan? What does he mean when he says,

"Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension?"

We wish he had been more literal and less abstract; we wish he had toiled for his kind with the same success with which he has dug up the shapeless ores of poetry and fashioned them into a diadem of exceeding beauty. Long may he live, however, and wider may his fame spread!

Out of the Depths. The Story of a Woman's Life. Macmillan and Co.

THIS book is, we believe, as to its essential character no fiction, but the authentic story of a woman's descent into the lowest depths of degradation, and of her recovery into a pure state of fervent piety. The narrative is written with a sacred purpose, and it is by her religious feeling that the writer has been guided safely through a strangely honest narrative that extends over the most perilous of ground. Our literature does not contain—perhaps no literature contains—a story of pollution told so fully, yet so utterly without offence. The practical use of the book, we fear, will be less than the heart that endured the pain of writing it could wish.

There is a direct sincerity of style that wins upon the reader, and there are half-unconscious touches of character that all will feel, and some will know how to appreciate, but the narrative is, we fear, an exceptional one. The quick impressibility that hurried on for the unhappy heroine the day of ruin was at last excited to new action. A companion in wretchedness asked, on her death-bed, to have the Bible read to her. For her the Bible given by a pure friend in old days of innocence was taken out of pawn. The Bible was retained. The excited fancy of the Mary Smith, whose history we are here told, broke loose into terrible dreams of eternal torment. A strong effort was made. The gin-bottle was forsworn; the stimulants of a rude popular theology were taken in its place, and they proved wholesome medicine. The desperate sustained struggle to recover footing in the world was already begun when helping hands of people, wonderfully good, were stretched in aid, and the sick soul was tenderly nursed through its period of convalescence. Yet if we assume the history to be a true one, we shall

know that they must indeed seem as angels to the fallen woman, by whose charity and mercy she was firmly re-established upon honest ground; we shall know also that the tone of the theology which colors all the later chapters of the book is that which would have the most powerful attraction for the mind it represents.

Whatever may be its influence the book is a remarkable one, and as to its main features too clearly authentic to escape public attention.—*Examiner.*

THE London correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* has the following. "I mentioned, lately, that the publishers, Smith, Elder, and Co., had resolved on starting a monthly magazine, and had secured the coöperation of Mr. Thackeray. The terms of that coöperation are so remarkable as to be worthy of specific notice. Mr. Thackeray contracts to supply two tales, each extending to sixteen parts or carried over sixteen numbers of the magazine, and is to receive 350*l* each part. The publishers, however, have a right to print, in a separate form, one edition of each of the tales. Thus the novelist has work provided for two years and eight months at the handsome allowance of 350*l*. a month. You may rely on the accuracy of this statement, and it certainly forms a curious and interesting chapter in literary history."

METTERNICH was the fanatic of the *status quo* whom Paul Louis Courier beheld in a vision on the morning of the creation of the world, crying out in indignation and alarm, "*Mon Dieu! conservons le chaos.*" Political life and liberty, national independence, the dignity of man as man, were chaos to him. Darkness was his "order," and when the darkness broke, he had the wit to die.—*London News.*

From The North British Review.

Select Memoirs of Port-Royal; to which are added Tour to Alet, Visit to Port-Royal, Gift of an Abbess, Biographical Notices, etc., etc., taken from Original Documents. By M. A. SCHIMMELPEN-NINCK. 5th Edition, in 3 vols., pp. 1000. London, 1858.

NEAR to the town of Chevreuse in France, and in a narrow valley surrounded by steep and wooded hills, lie the remains of an ancient abbey, the fragments of dwellings great and small, of dismantled cells, of rifled tombs, and of all the other constructions of a great monastic establishment. Embosomed among creepers and wild flowers, these sacred relics hardly attract the eye of the passing stranger; and yet, among the stone heaps which the bramble and the thistle conceal, the antiquary may still find the sculptured heads of angels and of saints, and the richest fragments of Gothic architecture,—memorials still devoutly prized by the pilgrim visitors of this sacred spot. So complete has been the devastation of this interesting monastery, that its ruins disfigure rather than adorn the landscape. The cattle graze upon what was once lawn and terrace, the goat browses among the shrubs of ancient gardens, and the sheep find a shelter under subterranean arches which time and violence have, as usual, spared. Such is all that is left of the Monastery of Port-Royal des Champs, once the abode of saints and of sages, of poets and historians, of princes and heroes, and of countless devotees of rank and beauty who fled from the tainted atmosphere of social life to perform those spiritual exercises, and cultivate those Christian graces, which could alone prepare them for their immortal change.

In our own land, and in its less genial clime, the ruins of our monastic institutions are even now the objects of architectural interest and of picturesque beauty. The ivy still clings undisturbed to their roofless walls, and the creeper's tendrils still span their broken arches, and mingle with their finer remains. Time and the elements have spared these relics of the past; and, though now the remnants of an exploded faith, the abbeys flourished during its reign, and enjoyed in peace all the advantages of their rich endowments. The history, therefore, of our ruined abbeys presents to us no striking incidents of romance, no backslidings in morals, no re-

vivals in piety, no escapes from the fire and sword of their adversaries, and no heroic resistance to pillage and oppression. Their inmates revelled in all the luxuries which wealth and indolence could supply, and neither missionary nor intellectual toil disturbed the deathlike repose which reigned within their walls.

It was otherwise with the Abbey of Port-Royal des Champs. Though levelled with the ground, and scarcely affording to the artist a subject for his pencil, or to the traveller an object to describe, it yet survives in a sublimer grandeur, imperishably embalmed in the records of the Church which it honored, and even in the hearts of other communions which that Church has persecuted and oppressed. So great, indeed, is its fame, that Time, which throws a shade over all secular institutions, has surrounded with a fresh and increasing interest the history of this celebrated abbey; and there is not in Christendom a Protestant communion that does not bewail its adversities, and regard it as the source of that brilliant light which then dawned upon the Catholic world, and gave life to those fundamental truths of the Christian faith which the comments of the Jesuit had labored to suppress, and the ingenuity of the sceptic had striven to ridicule and to disprove.

So deep and general is the interest which has thus been excited, that no crisis in history, civil or ecclesiastical,—no war of freedom or of conquest,—no event but that of the Reformation, which itself vibrated among the cloisters of Port-Royal,—can command equal sympathy and admiration. Its brief but brilliant chronicle has filled countless volumes. The lives of its patrons, its directors, its abbesses, its sisters of charity, its confessors and its martyrs, have been written with fervid eloquence, and read with all the enthusiasm which fiction is accustomed to command. Even the details of its menial life have not been allowed to perish. Its domestic arrangements, its rules, and its methods of education, have been preserved and prized as of inestimable value. In a degenerate age, the story of Port-Royal and the lessons which it teaches may not be unprofitable; and the faith and the works of its pious inmates may not be unblest even to Protestant communities.

When Matthew, Lord of Marli, and a younger son of the house of Montmorenci, was about to quit his country on a crusade to

the Holy Land, he entrusted to his wife, Mathilde de Garland, a large sum of money, to be expended on some work of piety or labor of love which might bring a blessing upon his holy enterprise. With the advice of Eades or Otho of Sully, Bishop of Paris, she resolved to found a monastery; and for this purpose she purchased the fief of Porrois or Port-Royal, and under his superintendence the foundation of the Abbey was laid in A.D. 1204. The church and monastery were erected in the early pointed style, by the architect who designed the cathedral of Amiens; and as soon as it was completed, it became the residence of twelve ladies of the order of Citeaux. Bishops of the houses of Sully and Nemours added to its wealth and extended its privileges: and during its earliest years Pope Honorius III. gave to his abbess spiritual powers and immunities rarely granted but to the priestly office.

Thus endowed and distinguished, the Monastery of Port-Royal flourished for nearly four centuries; but with what godly results, and to what pious ends, history has not deigned to inform us. The spirit of reform had at that time reached and even fermented in institutions where reformation appeared impossible, and its sacred *aura* had breathed into hearts willing to receive the holy impulse, but helpless in chafing it into life and activity. The smallest seeds, however, buried though they may long have been, still yearn to germinate, and when consigned to "the salt of the earth," never fail to ripen into fruit. The discipline of the monasteries, at first pure and rigid, gradually relaxed during the ages of darkness, and that of Port-Royal partook in the general decline. At the end of the sixteenth century, and shortly before the assassination of Henry IV. the ladies of Port-Royal resumed their worldly propensities. The gay attire of Parisian fashion replaced "the woollen vestments and the black veil" of the Cistercian rule,—strains more cheerful than those of the choir were heard in the surrounding groves, and the fair songsters were not scared by the admiring strangers that had been allured and fascinated by the sound. The "world," in short, with its pastimes, its carnivals, and its masquerades, had broken into the cloisters of Port-Royal, and "the devil and the flesh" followed in its train. Self-indulgence replaced the fasting and penance of the past,—the nuns danced and

flirted—their confessors gambled and devoted themselves to the chase—their priests discontinued their homilies—and the revenues, devoted to deeds of charity and love, were thus squandered in luxury and vice.

At this climax of its degradation the gay Abbess of Port-Royal died, and her place was filled in startling defiance of public feeling, and in open violation of the canons of the Church. A lady in her eleventh year was transferred from the nursery to the rule of Port-Royal, and cast away her mimic doll to dandle the crosier of the Abbess! The origin of such an appointment, the biography of the Abbess-child, and the eventful history of her monastic reign, are full of interest and instruction.

The name of Arnauld has been long illustrious in the literature of France. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there flourished no fewer than five or six troubadours of that name; but we cannot trace their relation, if any does exist, to the great men whose history is so intimately connected with that of Port-Royal. Before the foundation of the Abbey, the family of Arnauld held a high place among the nobility of France. One of its branches passed from Provence into Auvergne; and in later times a member of the house, Anthony Arnauld, was Advocate-General to Catherine de Medicis, and had distinguished himself by defeating, at the head of his armed domestics, a band of miscreants that had been commissioned to assassinate him at the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Thus early had the Protestant spirit of the family come into collision with the Church; and, thus roused by persecution, it acquired new lustre in succeeding generations. His eldest son, Anthony, born in 1560, and celebrated as a lawyer, pleaded in 1594 the cause of the University of Paris against the Jesuits; and the Advocate-General Marion was so much pleased with his eloquence that he gave him his eldest daughter in marriage. This happy pair were blessed, if blessing it be, with *twenty-two* children, ten of whom died in early life; while four sons and six daughters became inmates of the Monastery of Port-Royal, of which Anthony Arnauld may be regarded as the second founder. The twentieth of these children was the third Anthony Arnauld whose works have done honor to his country, and whose name is imperishably associated with the history of Port-Royal.

Two of the elder children were Marie Jacqueline Angelique, and Jeanne Catherine Agnes de St. Paul, whose monastic lives will form the subject of the present article. Their mother, Catherine Marion, joined the Monastery in her widowhood, and had the honor of giving to France three distinguished grandsons,—M. Pomponne, Minister of Foreign affairs to Louis XIV.; M. de Sacy, the learned translator of the Bible; and Anthony le Maitre, celebrated by his writings and his eloquence at the bar. This remarkable lady counted, before her death, no fewer than eighteen of her descendants among the eminent saints who occupied the Monastery and the hermitages of Port-Royal.

When M. Marion held the high position of Advocate-General to Henry IV., he had influence enough to obtain from the King the *Coadjutorie* of the Monastery of Port-Royal for Marie Angelique when she was only eight years of age, and that of the Monastery of St. Cyr for Agnes de St. Paul when she had reached only the age of five. At an earlier age, when their grandfather had told them that they should both be nuns, Angelique consented on the condition that she should be an abbess; and when they were assured that both of them should be abbesses, the little Agnes de St. Paul became alarmed at the intelligence. "I hear," said she to her grandfather, "that abbesses must account to God for the souls under their care, and I think I shall have enough to do to take care of my own." "By no means," said Marie Angelique, "I will be an abbess; but I will take care to make my nuns do their duty."

On the death of the Abbess in 1602, when Angelique was only eleven years of age, she became the Abbess of her monastery, and assumed the title of Mere Angelique, a name famous in the history of Port-Royal, and even in the annals of the Catholic Church. The appointment of a child to be the administrator of a monastery, and the guide and instructor of the nuns committed to her charge, must, even in a degenerate age, have been a scandal to the Church; but when we learn that this child was the granddaughter of the highest law authority in the kingdom, and that he had obtained the Papal bull of confirmation by forged certificates of Angelique's age, we are surprised that so flagrant a deed should have been tolerated by the ecclesiastical patrons of Port-Royal, and should have met with so

little reproof from its historians. We can hardly suppose that the sovereign whom Marion served could be ignorant of the age of his granddaughter; but if he was, an event occurred which must have shown him the dishonesty of his counsellor. When following the chase in the valley of Port-Royal, Henry had trespassed upon the grounds of the Monastery, and disturbed the quiet of its inmates. The Mere Angelique was summoned to the rescue, and sallying forth at the head of her nuns, and wielding her official crosier, she rebuked her sovereign for his violation of the consecrated ground. The gay monarch smiled and retired; and if he did not regard the procession of the Abbess-child as got up for his amusement, he must have seen in it the fraudulent proceeding of his minister.

Illegal and even scandalous as this appointment was, it was yet one of those to which a blessing is sometimes mysteriously vouchsafed. The young Abbess was warmly received by the recreant nuns, who expected from their new mistress the same indulgences which they had hitherto enjoyed. Pleasures, social and rural, at first occupied the leisure hours of Mere Angelique, but they were mingled with occupations which indicated a soundness of judgment and a vigor of intellect beyond her years. In the *Lives of Plutarch*, which was her favorite work, she studied those phases of character which give to intellect its power, and to virtue its reward; and she strove to acquire that knowledge, and to cultivate those faculties, which could alone qualify her for the duties she had to perform. Although six years had elapsed since her appointment, yet the Monastery still retained the character which her predecessor had impressed upon it. Amusements the most frivolous, and occupations the most trivial, alternated with the indispensable formalities of Catholic worship, and neither the Abbess nor her superiors seemed to desire a change.

An event, however, occurred which formed an epoch in the history of Port-Royal. A Capuchin, who had abjured the Catholic faith, happened, in quitting the country, to pass through Port-Royal. As the Abbey was also the parish church, the Abbess requested him to preach. In an eloquent discourse on the misery of a sinful, and the happiness of a religious life, he painted in strong colors the dangers of the world, and the advantages of monastic seclusion. Angelique was deeply

impressed with the preacher's eloquence, and from that hour she resolved to devote herself wholly to God, and to reform every abuse in the Monastery committed to her charge. A dangerous illness, however, while it strengthened the one resolution, deprived her of the power of fulfilling the other. During a confinement of several months her resolutions gained new strength; and by meditation and prayer, and the study of the Scriptures, she became a "new creature," and acquired that spiritual light which shone so brightly in her future life.

In entering upon her great work of reform, her first step was to re-establish what is called the *enclosure*, which the rule of St. Bennet, as well as their own vows, had so strictly imposed,—thus excluding her community from the conversation and frivolities of the world. The nuns were permitted to see their relations only in the parlor, and no person whatever was allowed to visit the interior of the Monastery. So sternly, indeed, was this rule enforced, that neither her father nor her mother were exempted from its observance. On the occasion of a *Profession*, namely, the admission of a nun, a large party from Paris assembled at the Monastery to witness the ceremony, but not a single individual was admitted into its interior. The disappointed visitors railed at the innovation, and the Abbess and her nuns did not appeal in vain to the obligation of their vows. The exclusion of her nearest relatives was a more arduous task, and the history of the Church does not present us with a nobler struggle between the duties which faith exacts, and which affection claims. Anthony Arnauld, a munificent patron of the Monastery, as well as the father of the Abbess, had been accustomed to visit his daughter when his professional avocations allowed him. When the time of his visit drew near, Angelique explained to her mother the necessity under which she lay of receiving her relations, as she did the public, only in the parlor, instead of taking them as formerly into the interior of the Monastery. Never imagining that so affectionate a child would persist in her resolution, Arnauld fixed a day for going to Port-Royal with his wife, his son M. Arnauld D'Andilly, and his two daughters, Madame le Maître, and Mademoiselle Anne Arnauld. Having heard of their approach, Angelique took the keys of the gate, and, prostrate in the Church before God,

she implored in tears for that strength from on high which could alone support her in the coming struggle. When a loud and redoubled knocking had announced their arrival, and Angelique had opened the wicket, her father, commanded her to admit him at the gate; and when asked to go into the parlor, he repeated the demand in a louder and a harsher tone. The trembling Abbess renewed her entreaties in vain. Her brother, only about nineteen, assailed her with the most insulting epithets. The charge of ingratitude, and even parricide, did not shake her purpose; and when Arnauld found that his daughter yielded to an authority higher than parental, he resolved to quit the Abbey and part with her for ever. But before entering his carriage, he was anxious to say one last word to his child, and for this purpose he went into the parlor. The Mere Angelique entered on the other side; but she had scarcely opened the blinds of the grating when an expression of grief in her father's face affected her deeply. He appealed to the early kindness he had shown her. He had hoped that his affection would be returned to him in his declining years; but having now experienced her ingratitude, he had resolved to bid her a final farewell. This appeal to her affections pierced Angelique to the heart, and she fell senseless at her father's feet. The assistance of the nuns was with difficulty obtained; and when the Abbess had recovered from her trance, the resentment of Arnauld was changed into love and admiration, and in the mutual explanations which were given and accepted, two noble and congenial hearts were welded into one. The Abbess received the most effective support from every member of her family; and having been enabled, from on high, to leave father, mother, sister, and brother, in her Saviour's cause, she carried on her work of reform; and in five years she made the Monastery of Port-Royal a pattern for every similar institution.

The fame of Angelique, and her great work of reform, became speedily known throughout France. Influential members of different convents, who had long mourned over their relaxation in discipline, entreated her to undertake their reformation; but it was not till she received the commands of the General of the Order of Citeaux that she and her sister Agnes, with some of their ablest assistants, visited the most recient of the monasteries.

The most interesting and important of these visits was paid to the Royal Abbey of Maubuisson, near Pontoise, one of the most powerful and opulent in France. Its Abbess, Madame D'Etrées, had been translated to it by a very singular manœuvre, from the Monastery of Bertancourt, in the diocese of Amiens. When Henry IV. was on a visit to his mistress, the celebrated Gabrielle D'Etrées, then residing with her sister the Abbess, she importuned him to transfer her to a monastery nearer Paris, and suggested Maubuisson as the most desirable. The King replied that the appointment, which was not then vacant, was in the gift of the community, and not of the Crown. Anxious, however, to gratify his mistress, he took occasion, during a hunting excursion, to pay his respects to Madame de Puisieux, the Lady Abbess, who had been elected by the community for her piety and virtue. The conversation having been directed to the affairs of the Monastery, the King inquired of the Lady Abbess from whom she held her appointments to the Abbey. "Sire," she replied, "permit me to receive them from you when it pleases your Majesty." The treacherous monarch regarded this courtly phrase as a resignation of the office, and in due time, with the authority of a Papal bull, he installed Madame D'Etrées in the abbacy of Maubuisson, with its splendid mansion, its baronies, its seigneuries, and its numerous villages, over which was exercised an almost royal jurisdiction.

Over this rich and vast establishment Madame D'Etrées presided for five-and-twenty years, indulging in all the luxuries, and even the vices of the capital. In its spacious arbors riot and intemperance prevailed. Monks from a neighboring abbey, and the minions of rank and wealth from a distance, sauntered with the nuns in its gardens, and angled with them in its streams; and when the gambols of the day were over, dancing and cards and dice and theatrical performances, closed the visible revels of the night. Under such influences the sacred offices of divine service were perfunctorily and even irreverently performed; and though the duties of the father confessor, a Bernardine monk, had alarmingly increased, yet the process was reduced to its most agreeable form, when the fair penitents drew up several protocols of confession, and received conditional absolution in return. Even in France, with

its immoral court, such scandalous irregularities in a community of females excited general indignation. The assassination of Henry IV. in 1610 had withdrawn from Maubuisson the royal protection, without being a warning to its Abbess; and it was not till the Order of Cîteaux had been compromised by her continued profligacy, that she suffered the penalty of her crimes. Having been informed of the gaieties of Maubuisson, Louis XIII. issued, in 1617, a peremptory order to M. Boucherat, Abbot of Cîteaux, and General of the Order, to institute an inquiry into the conduct of the Abbess, and to apply without delay the remedy that might be required. Anxious to avoid unnecessary exposure, the amiable Abbot sent a private deputation to inquire into the state of the Monastery—to remonstrate firmly but respectfully with the Abbess, and to invite her to carry on, without official interference, the work of reform. The venerable delegates, however, inquired and remonstrated in vain. Confiding in the influence of her powerful connections, the audacious Abbess had recourse to intimidation. She imprisoned the delegates in one of the towers of the Abbey, and, after keeping them many days without food, she dismissed them from her presence. A second deputation was treated with even greater indignities. She incarcerated them in one of the towers of the Abbey, fed them on bread and water, and every morning gave them a severe whipping. Fortunately, however, for themselves, if not for the Abbess, they escaped through the narrow windows of their dungeon, and reported to the Abbot the treatment they had received. The good man was still unwilling to employ the force of law. He consulted the Cardinal and Field-Marshal D'Etrées, the brothers of the Abbess, who had felt for the honor of their house; and, with their concurrence, the Abbot, with a numerous retinue, appeared at the gates of the Abbey. The Lady Abbess refused to appear; and after an examination of the nuns, and repeated citations of the termagant, he returned to Paris, and obtained a commission from the King to arrest Madame D'Etrées, and confine her in the convent of the *Filles Penitentes de St. Marie* in Paris.

With such authority, and supported by the Provost of the Maréchaussée and a body of archers, the Abbot of Cîteaux arrived at the beleaguered Monastery on the 3d of February, 1618. Although the gates were barred against

him, the amiable prelate continued his expostulations for two days. He implored the Abbess to submit and to retire; but, finding all his efforts vain, he ordered the archers to burst open the gates and seize her. Scared by the noise, and suspecting its origin, the virago jumped from her bed and evaded for a whole day the anxious search of her pursuers. She was at last discovered, cold and half frozen, in her hiding place, and was again placed in her bed to prepare her for the journey. The hour of departure came, but the lady, on various pretexts, refused to rise; and it was not till the middle of the next day that the Provost, with four of his archers, wrapped her in the blankets in which she lay, and transferred her, bed and all, into the carriage waiting to receive her. So humiliating a procession had never before issued from a monastery. The spirit of the prisoner, however, was not broken; and, though detained for a while in her place of penitence and exile, we shall again meet with her in triumphant possession of her opulent domain.

Having executed his commission, the General intimated to the nuns, twenty-two in number, the necessity of reform, and the appointment of a new superior; and he hastened to Port-Royal to give Angelique his commission to take the temporary charge of the Monastery. Willing to discharge so irksome a task, she left Port-Royal under the charge of her Prioress; and having appointed her sister, the Mere Agnes St. Paul, to be Sub-Prioress, she selected three nuns as her assistants at Maubuisson, and was accompanied to her new sphere of duty by the General himself. When introduced to the assembled nuns, she was received with the utmost coldness and reserve; but the frankness and cordiality with which she treated them, soon gained her their respect, if not their affection. She saw at once the difficulty of the work she had to perform; but strong in faith, and confiding in an arm stronger than her own, she entered upon her arduous labor. "My dear sisters," said she to her three assistants, "it may be necessary that our health and even our lives be sacrificed in our work; but it is the work of God," and in his strength she was enabled to perform it. So generous an appeal could not fail to be remembered; and when two of her associates, one of them her own sister, Marie Arnauld, sunk under their labors of love, the survivors recognized its

prophetic phase. "It is necessary," as St. Cyrano said to a timid disciple, "to do the will of God, but it is not necessary to live."

The first step which was taken by Mere Angelique was to re-establish the enclosures, and exclude the world and its pollutions from the mansion-house and the groves of Maubuisson. Out of eighty postulants, who sought admission into the Monastery, she selected thirty, who, after a strict examination, seemed to possess "a solid vocation." In regulating the temporal concerns of the baronies and villages under her care, and particularly in the administration of justice, she was equally vigilant and successful. She assisted in teaching the most proper mode of reciting the service, and of performing the devotional offices of the choir. She even dined and spent a great part of every day among the novices, in order to control their behavior, and watch their progress. In tending the sick, and comforting the penitent, and managing the unruly, she united a gentleness and firmness which gained for her both respect and esteem. Even the elder nuns, who had grown gray amid the amenities of Maubuisson, and now winced under the privations of a sterner discipline, gradually conformed to the change. Their complaints were listened to and redressed, and a more luxurious table, to which they had been accustomed, was provided for their use. In her own person she lived simply and abstemiously. Instead of occupying the elegant apartments assigned to the Abbess, she converted them into an infirmary, and selected for herself the most incommodious cell. As a corrective of the indolence of the lay sisters, she would sweep the passages, carry the firewood, weed the gardens, and even wash the dishes. No service was too menial, and no work too severe, if its performance was an incentive to duty, an example for imitation, or a reproof of indolence.

In a few months a great reformation was thus effected at Maubuisson. The prejudices of the associates of Madame D'Etrées were gradually removed; the novices increased in knowledge, in piety, and in good works; and M. Angelique and her associates anticipated a happy termination to their labors. These expectations, however, were for a time disappointed. Madame D'Etrées, having spent nearly eighteen months in penitential exile, longed to return to her cherished amenities at Maubuisson, and to renew, in her now

ghostly halls, her former levities and revels. For such an enterprise, cunning and audacity and accomplices were required, and all these, and more than these, were at her command. She had left in the Monastery an unprincipled run, Mere de La Sarre, who had been her associate in vice, and who had maintained with her a secret correspondence; and she had at her command the services of her brother-in-law, the Count De Sanzé, and a band of his dissipated companions, who had often enjoyed her licentious hospitality. With such auxiliaries she contrived to escape from her penitential cell on the 10th of September, 1619, and at six o'clock next morning she appeared at the gate of Maubuisson, with a numerous and accoutred escort. When refused admittance, the Count and his band burst open the gate, and beat the faithful servant at his post. Guided by Madame D'Estrées, they entered the church, and gained admittance to the choir appropriated to the nuns by means of a false key prepared by Mere de La Sarre. In this sacred spot the fugitive Abbess encountered and upbraided Angelique. "You usurp my place," she said, "and you must instantly depart." "With the permission of our superiors," replied Angelique, "I am ready to quit the Monastery." When conducted to the Abbess' lodge, where she found her most spacious and elegant apartment occupied by two bedrid nuns, she ordered them to be removed, as "filthy and disgusting creatures offensive to her sight." "Madame," replied Angelique coolly, "if the apartment is not fit for the reception of a Lady Abbess, it is because your Ladyship's visit was unexpected." The rival Abbesses parted for a while; the one to organize the ejection of the other, and the other to order an excellent dinner for the intruder, and a high mass in honor of her return.

Mere Angelique had hardly finished her simple meal with the nuns, than she was visited by the Bernardine monk, who, it was presumed, might persuade her to retire. When persuasion, however, proved in vain, and when threats were found equally fruitless, Madame D'Estrées invited Angelique to the church; and while the company were in the act of devotion, the audacious Abbess seized Angelique with her own hands, and screaming out for help, as if she had been herself the victim, she tried to drag her through the door of the choir into the outer church. At

this preconcerted signal, Mere De La Sarre opening the outer door with her false key, admitted Sanzé and his brigands, who rushed towards Angelique, brandishing their drawn swords over her head, in the hope that she would make her escape through the door, which had been left open for the purpose. But that which makes cowards of us all did not shake the God-fearing Abbess. Though pistols were pointed to her breast, and even fired to alarm her, she continued kneeling in prayer, awaiting the decree of her only Master. Villany and injustice were permitted, as they sometimes are, to have their brief but fatal triumph. Angelique was seized by force, and thrust out of the Monastery. The assembled nuns instantly rose from their knees, and rushed after their mother to the open door; and though it was quickly shut to detain them, yet upwards of thirty made their escape.

Thus destitute of house and home, Angelique assembled her little flock in the field; and having besought the protection of him who provides even for the sparrows, she placed them in monastic order, and with their long veils drawn down, and their hands joined in prayer, they entered the neighboring town of Pontoise. The inhabitants collected, in curiosity, to witness so unusual a procession; and though they were not informed of the misfortunes of the interesting cortege, they were deeply impressed with their modesty and demeanor. Having taken refuge in the nearest church, which happened to be that of the Jesuits, the Grand Vicar of Pontoise came to their aid; and when their history was known, various religious communities and many private gentlemen offered them a hospitable asylum. It was arranged, however, that they should occupy the Grand Vicariat. After saying vespers in the church, the procession to their new abode was again marshalled. Crowds flocked to see it. The people stood uncovered as it passed. Many knelt from respect, and some joined with them in sympathetic prayer. On reaching the Grand Vicariat, they found every want liberally supplied. The new community had, earlier than they could have hoped, found a comfortable home, and, as in better days, they carried on, with regularity and in peace, their labors of duty and of love.

The triumph of the usurper, as we have said, is brief and inglorious. The arm of the avenger is ever ready to strike, and if retribu-

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tion is not summary, it is inevitable and severe. The cruel treatment of the porter at Maubuisson carried him quickly to Paris. Anthony Arnauld hurried to the General of the Cîteaux; and a warrant, with two hundred and fifty archers to carry it into execution, was next day, before the sun had set, at the gates of Maubuisson. Madame D'Estrées had posted sentinels on different roads to intimate the approach of the civil power; and when she learned that a cloud of dust and the glittering of arms were seen in the distance, she escaped in disguise through a concealed door, followed by the craven champions of her cause. The confessor, Dom Sabathier, ignorant of the surrender, leapt at the risk of his life from the high garden wall, and barely escaped to join the fugitives in their hiding place. The Mere de La Sarre was less fortunate. The Trooper Nun, as she has been called, with a supply of food, concealed herself in a hiding place in the ceiling, with its trap-door concealed by tapestry, and accessible only by a ladder, and thus, for a considerable time, evaded the anxious search of the archers.

Having executed his commission, and established a guard of a hundred men, the captain, at the desire of the King, requested Angelique to resume immediately the government of Maubuisson. Though it was ten o'clock in the evening, she instantly prepared for the journey, and left Pontoise in the gloom of night, accompanied by all the ecclesiastics of the town. This interesting train of priests and nuns, walking two and two, were flanked with a double file of mounted archers, each with a lighted torch to guide the steps of the triumphant exiles; and the grandeur of the scene was enhanced by hundreds of villagers who poured into Pontoise, and turned night into day by the flaming torches which they bore.

When this brilliant cortege reached Maubuisson, the sentinels were placed at their posts, and the nuns hurried to provide refreshments for their escort. Towards morning an event occurred which adds an affecting interest to the monastic tale. The soft tread of a cautious footstep indicated to a sentinel the hiding place of Mere de la Sarre. When summoned, the lady refused to descend, and, knowing that she could only be reached by a ladder, which it was in her power to displace, she assailed the archers with the most oppro-

brious epithets. The threat, however, to fire upon her, and the actual application of the muzzle of a musket to the door of her hiding place, made her surrender at discretion. The future of this licentious and refractory dame is deeply interesting. In the convent to which she was transferred, her recollection of the purity and devotion of Mere Angelique and her daughters softened with their healing balm the stings of conscience. Her fierce and haughty spirit was subdued, and after a stormy conflict with the powers of darkness, she achieved the Christian's victory, and her name has been enrolled among those of the heroines and martyrs of Port-Royal.

Thus brilliantly commenced the beneficent reign of Mere Angelique, which for a while was not undisturbed. Sanzé and his brigands still lurked in the vicinity, and by night and by day, either singly or in detachments, they maltreated the workmen on the grounds, and even fired into Angelique's apartment. It was thought necessary, therefore, to keep the archers in the neighborhood of Maubuisson, where Madame D'Estrées was still concealed; but Mere Angelique could not bear to see the religious house which she governed surrounded by an armed force. She confided in a stronger arm; and after a month's service, and repeated applications to the government, the troops were withdrawn. This confidence, though apparently presumptuous, was speedily justified. Madame D'Estrées was soon afterwards captured, and shut up in the Convent of St. Marie, and Angelique was left in peace for five years to prosecute and complete her pious labors. The future history of Madame D'Estrées has been imperfectly preserved. Transferred, for irregular conduct, to the prisons of the Chatelet, she lingered for twenty years in its cells. The consolations of religion were offered to her by a pious ecclesiastic, but she rejected them with scorn. He found her in squalid misery, stretched on a foul mattress, and spending in costly wines the handsome income which, at the solicitation of Mere Angelique, had been settled upon her from the revenues of Maubuisson. Though hardly to be expected, yet much to be desired, there are some grounds to believe that this high-born and hard-hearted reprobate was plucked as a brand from the burning. The casket in which she kept her jewels was brought to Maubuisson after her death, and Mere Suireau des Anges, who was then its Abbess,

was gratified to find that its secular contents had been replaced by the New Testament, and Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*, which had been neatly papered, and marked in a variety of passages, as if they had been subjects of serious interest and deep meditation.

After five years of incessant but successful toil, Mere Angelique resigned the government of Maubuisson. She had banished from its precincts those acts of riot and intemperance which had so long polluted them, and restored those habits of piety, industry, and self-denial which had so painfully disappeared. Its frail sisterhood was brought back to the strict observance of their vows, and to a cheerful conformity with the stern, though necessary, obligations of monastic life. With the assistance of her sister Agnes, whose character was less resolute and masculine, she effected similar reforms in the Cistercian nunneries of Lys, St. Aubin, St. Cyr, Gomerfontaine, and the Isles of Auxerre. The reformers from Port-Royal were everywhere welcomed by their abbesses and nuns as angels from heaven, though sometimes, as at Tard, they had to encounter insult and persecution not inferior to what they experienced at Maubuisson.

Attended by a numerous retinue of the nuns of Maubuisson, Angelique returned to her quiet home in the valley of Chevreuse,—quiet, however, but for a while, for heavier trials awaited her than the animosity and persecutions of Madame D'Estrées. The celebrity of Port Royal had attracted to it an uncommon number of inmates. Though intended only for twelve nuns, it was now occupied by eighty, and the labors and anxieties of the mother Abbess proportionally increased. To the devoted and self-sacrificing Angelique, this demand upon her physical and moral nature would have been a new source of pleasure because a wider sphere of duty; but causes unlooked for and beyond her control paralyzed her energies, and compelled her to break up her cherished establishment—fated to reach through suffering to a still higher fame. Lying in a deep and thickly wooded valley, watered by two extensive lakes, the undrained fields became one continued marsh, and in an otherwise pestilential season, which the cycle of time occasionally and mysteriously evolves, heat and moisture clothed the wooded slopes with deleterious fogs, and shed over the valley their malarious poison. The crowded monas-

tery thus became a great hospital. Death succeeded death, and its living occupants sought for relief but to the cemeteries around them. In this dreadful juncture the Great Ruler of all provided almost instant relief, Madame Arnauld, now the widowed mother of the Abbess, purchased in Paris a noble house with magnificent gardens, and presented it to Angelique for the reception of her family. A church was added by one of the best architects; and when the interior had been fitted up for its new occupants, they were transferred, in 1625, to Port-Royal de Paris, the town residence of the Abbess of Port-Royal des Champs. In the pure air of their metropolitan home the health of the invalid community was soon restored; and thus freed from care, the Abbess began to give permanence and solidity to her reforms. The family of Arnauld had now become the liberal patrons as well as the spiritual guides of Port-Royal. There were still living three brothers and six sisters of Angelique: the three—distinguished men—the six—nuns of Port-Royal. Robert Arnauld D'Andilly, the eldest of the three, and the author of various works both in poetry, and prose, was Commissary-General of the Army, and had even in his youth been venerated by courtiers as a saint. The next in age, Henry, Bishop of Angers, had been the French Ambassador to Rome, and other Italian courts; * and was so distinguished by his piety and virtues, that it was said of him that a sure claim to his kindness was to use him ill. The youngest of this celebrated family, the twentieth child, was Anthony Arnauld, the strenuous advocate of reform in the Catholic Church, the defender of the fundamental doctrine of justification by faith, and whose noblest eulogy was pronounced by his enemies, when they said that he was "a heretic worse than Luther and Calvin."

The transference of the Port-Royal community to Paris formed a new era in its history. Here the Abbess became acquainted with John Du Verger D'Hauranne, Abbot of the Monastery of St. Cyran, who, at her suggestion, became the patron of Port-Royal, and resolved to re-establish the Monastery, and to maintain within its walls, and propagate beyond them, the great evangelical truths which he had adopted. In this noble task he

* His negotiations at these Courts were published at Paris in 1748, in 5 vols. 12mo, by his grand-nephew, the Abbé de Pomponne.

was assisted by the two Arnaulds, the brothers of the Abbess, by La Maitre and De Sacy, her nephews, and by another distinguished group, who, in casting their wealth into the treasury of Port-Royal, resolved to consecrate themselves to God, and in humiliation and prayer to devote their lives to the improvement and instruction of their species.

The return to Port-Royal des Champs had always been an object near to the heart of Angelique. The insalubrity of its groves was not alarming to a soul ready for its change; and Angelique agreed in the opinion of St. Cyran, that, "were it God's will, it was as well to serve Him in an hospital as in a church." It was therefore determined in 1638, when the Monastery in Paris had become overcrowded, with no fewer than one hundred and eighty nuns, to send a detachment to Port-Royal des Champs. Mere Angelique resolved to accompany them; and when the news of her return had reached the neighborhood, crowds of the people flocked to the Monastery. No sooner was the long file of carriages seen through the woods on the top of the hill, than the bells were rung, and shouts of joy resounded on every side as the throng advanced to meet the cortege. The recluses who had occupied Port-Royal met Angelique at the church-door. They conducted the nuns into the choir, and, after service, left them in possession of the Monastery, and retired to the farm-house of Les Granges.

This celebrated institution had now been made perfect by suffering. The strictest discipline was maintained within its walls, and the nuns and the recluses entered with zeal upon their holy labors. The former continued their previous occupations, keeping in repair the monastic and other buildings, and managing the farms and gardens. The distinguished men at Les Granges—its divines, its philosophers, its lawyers, its physicians, its poets, and its scholars—unshackled by monastic vows, discharged the duties which each thought himself best qualified to perform. De Sacy, Nicole, Lancelot, and Fontaine established and taught schools in every branch of science and literature. Humon and others practised the healing art in the surrounding hamlets. Le Maitre, and his friends learned in the law, were the dispensers of justice; and Arnould, the dauntless and the invincible, plied his midnight toil in logical, mathematical, and metaphysical research, and in those

theological combats in which the Jesuit quailed, the Vatican shook, and Christian truth emerged pure and genuine from the dross of human wisdom. Pursuits less exalted, but equally honorable, were followed by its other hermits. Gentlemen, once the idols or the victims of society, were seen, in the peasant's garb, tempering the mortar or dressing the vine,—officers who had bled in battle making shoes for the community, and noblemen repairing windows or laboring in the saw-pit,—all bound by the tie of a common faith, preparing for the future by fasting, humiliation, and prayer, and striving for the present to reform the world which they had found it their duty to leave.

Nor were the female inhabitants of Port-Royal less active in their work, or less distinguished for their piety, than the hermits at Les Granges. They superintended girls' schools, instructed their own sex, fed and clothed the poor, tended the sick, and performed many of the more menial duties which were required in the household and in the farm. The two societies, male and female, which contained eighteen of the Arnould family, were more closely united by the ties of grace than by those of consanguinity. The nuns and the recluses never met but in church, where they were separated by a grating; and though several of them were so nearly related, they had no intercourse but by letter.

Angelique, who had been elected Abbess by the community, managed the temporalities of her monastic domain with the most princely munificence, and yet with the most rigid economy. Whatever money was required to promote the honor and interests of her monastery was liberally expended, even when there were no visible means of replacing it. In conformity with the views of her Church, buildings were erected both in her town and country residence worthy of being the House of the Lord; and when increased accommodation was required to lodge three hundred choir nuns, between three and four hundred pupils, besides lay sisters, novices, and postulants, and many ladies boarded within the precincts of the Monastery, her expenditure was sometimes more than seven times her certain income.* The great deficiency thus created, sometimes amounting to more than £1500, never failed to be supplied by Christian

* The annual expenditure was 50,000 livres, the annual income only 7000.

benevolence, without resorting to those faithless appeals by which charity is too frequently enforced. Poverty never prevented, nor did wealth ever purchase, the admission of a novice or a pupil. "Come in, come in," she used to say to the poor postulant; "we are not in want of wealth, but of good nuns. If you are such, your application confers upon us the greatest benefit." When the parents were not wealthy, no present was allowed; and the offerings of the rich were received as alms, and spent as such among destitute families, or poor religious communites. On one occasion, the Abbess presented to a distressed community a sum of £800, and this, too, at a time of urgent distress, when the steward was about to raise money on rents not yet due. On another, she borrowed a large sum of money to assist in repaying to an unworthy postulant a gift of upwards of £6000 which she had made to the Monastery, but which she illegally claimed upon being rejected as a nun.

In her personal character, Mere Angelique combined elegance and gaiety of manner with the graver features of the Christian matron, thus adding a peculiar charm to her admirable talent of nursing, comforting, and imparting spiritual instruction to the sick. While her gentle voice allayed the terrors of the unconverted, and soothed the last moments of the faithful, her hands were ever employed in rendering the meanest services to her patients. She never shrunk from the most loathsome and infectious diseases; and in the infirmary, which she erected within the enclosure of the Abbey for the reception of the poor, she never scrupled to dress the severest wounds, and in cases of emergency to bleed with her own hands. To such duties she was but occasionally called. To feed the hungry and to clothe the naked was her daily toil. Clothing for the poor was spun, wove, cut out, and made up by the nuns, whom she had instructed in the art. When motherless children claimed her beneficence, she would strip off their rags, wash their persons, and put on their new clothes. If the stores were exhausted, the linen of the Monastery was a ready sacrifice to want; and in cases of need the vestments of the church became the covering of the naked, and even the napkins from the altar were converted into garments for the poor, or bandages for their wounds. For charities of a higher order the church plate was put in

requisition; and the silver lamps and candlesticks which lighted the faithful to prayer, either passed into the crucible, or went to decorate less saintly halls.

Such was the piety, and such the active benevolence, of the sisterhood of Port-Royal. In reviewing their pure and holy lives, we forget the superstitions which they practised, and the austerities of which they were the slaves or the victims; and in spite of the misgivings which the conventual annals are apt to excite in our colder natures, we rest in the belief that these holy women separated themselves from the world and its sins, to offer to the common Father the sacrifice of broken hearts, and to make a better preparation for their eternal home. But with this charity in our heart, we cannot renounce the conviction, that each of our race has a part assigned to him in the government of the world, and that to retire from its battle-field, to wrench asunder the family tie, and counteract the laws and impulses of nature, is to flinch from the life-struggle in which we must either conquer or fall. There are female duties which cannot be practised, and womanly trials which cannot be borne, in the cloister. It is round the domestic hearth that female virtue shines with its brightest lustre. It is as the wife, the mother, and the widow that woman appears in her appointed place, and with her true vocation. It is there where she finds a field for the sternest virtues, the noblest sympathies, and the severest duties; and it is according as she acts, and feels, and suffers, that she becomes either the saint or the martyr. To struggle with a nature with which hers is not destined to blend;—to part forever with the pledges of mutual love, or to number them among the ruined or the lost, and to survive the helpmate of a long and happy partnership, are sharper and more salutary trials than the renunciation of the world and its pleasures.

In a monastery like that of Port-Royal, the refuge of the noble and the wise, the object of political hatred and persecution, and the scene of stirring and romantic adventure, an Abbess less distinguished than Angelique Arnauld could not but acquire a high and lasting reputation. A recluse in the cloister, she yet lived in the world's eye; and though it may not have been the salutary food to her spiritual life, she yet received the world's applause, and, doubtless, with humility enjoyed

it. But if not there from a sense of duty, and under a lofty aspiration, what could be the enjoyment of the numerous sisterhood, in more humble retreats, and even in Port-Royal itself, engaged day by day in the same monotonous round, with no other variety than the funeral of one sister and the profession of another? We can well understand how the jaded and even princely courtesan, after having exhausted to its dregs every cup of pleasure, and found that there was nothing good under the sun, should break with the world which she had wronged, and seek for pardon in penitence and prayer; but it is to us a mystery unfathomable that the grave judge, the active magistrate, the skilful physician, the successful lawyer, and the wealthy merchant, who had found a sphere of duty amid the world's disquietudes, should either despise or abandon it. It is a matter of less surprise, that the statesman who has misgoverned or betrayed his country should hide his shame in the conventional cell; that the philosopher should weave, in uninterrupted quiet, the gossamer fabric of an overtaxed brain; and that the mercenary soldier should, in his latter days, remember the breach and the sack, and long to wash his bloody hands in the monastic stream.

Such was the state of Port-Royal in its most palmy days, when, under the direction of the Abbot of St. Cyran, it had resumed its functions in the valley of the Chevreuse. This great man, one of the greatest of his age, was the fellow-student and ally of Cornelius Jansen, who has given his name to the system of evangelical truth which distinguishes the writings of Augustine. He was appointed to the abbacy of St. Cyran in 1620, and soon attracted the notice and admiration of Cardinal Richelieu. In order to accomplish his ambitious views he sought the alliance of the Abbot, and offered him the richest bishoprics in his gift. The bribes, however, were rejected; and when the Cardinal failed to acquire his services as a tool, he at first dreaded, and at last treated him as an enemy. Having refused to sanction the divorce of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, who wished to marry the Cardinal's niece, and being suspected, without cause, of having attacked a catechism which he had published, St. Cyran was thrown into the castle of Vincennes on the 14th of May, 1638, the year of Jansen's death, and at the very moment when he had sent back to their

rural home the community of Port-Royal. But though thus immured in a dungeon, he presided over that community with the same authority and success as if he had lived within its walls. Under the vicegerency of Anthony Singlin, the general confessor of the recluses and of the nuns, and a man of rare endowments, he managed the community of Port-Royal till the death of Richelieu, on the 4th December, 1642, on the very day of the festival of St. Cyran, released him from his power. On the 6th of February, 1643, M. Arnauld D'Andilly took him in his carriage from Vincennes, amid the tears and congratulations of his fellow-prisoners. The Guards who had watched him threw themselves at his feet, and implored his benediction, and the whole garrison arranged themselves in double line, that he might quit the castle with military honors. In the damp and exposed dungeon to which he had been consigned, his health gave way; and in a few months after his release he was seized with apoplexy, and sunk in the arms of his friend and assistant, M. Singlin, on the 11th of October, 1643, in the sixty-second year of his age.

Immediately after the death of St. Cyran, Robert Arnauld D'Andilly, the eldest of the Arnaulds, retired to Port-Royal. It having been stated at court that the recluses of the Monastery made shoes as an act of humiliation, Arnauld said to the Queen Mother, Anne of Austria, when he went to take leave of her, that she must not believe, if she heard it, that he made shoes at Port-Royal; but that if she heard that he trained espaliers, she might believe it, and he hoped to be able to induce her Majesty to eat of the fruits which he reared. He accordingly sent fruit to the Queen every year. Cardinal Mazarine gave it jocularly the name of *Fruits Benis*, and the Queen commanded that it should never be brought to her table without her knowing that it came from Arnauld D'Andilly. When Louis XIV. made his son, M. de Pomponne, Minister of War, he desired to have an interview with the *good man*, as he called Arnauld. He accordingly had a long conversation with Arnauld, and drove him through his gardens; and so enchanted was the recluse with the warmth of his reception, that he muttered to himself continually, "We must be humble."

Notwithstanding the loss of St. Cyran, the Port-Royal institution, both in Paris and in

the country, advanced in prosperity and wealth. Large sums of money were bequeathed by the richer nuns. The Marchioness of Aumont defrayed the expenses of the church in Paris, and refitted the interior of the house; the Princess de Guimenée, and the Marchioness de Sablé, built the cloisters and the sacristy; and other ladies of rank and piety erected schools, infirmaries, and commodious houses for the boarders. Some of the recluses who died at Les Granges left to the Monastery the whole of their possessions. The Abbey of Port-Royal des Champs was not only rebuilt, but was enlarged to four times its extent, by the Duke de Luynes, M. Arnauld D'Andilly, the Marquis of Sevigné, and M. Gué de Baguiole, the last of whom expended upon it 40,000 livres, and also gave an annual rent of 6000 livres.

With such an influx of wealth, and such an enlargement of its establishment, the spiritual energies of Port-Royal were proportionally increased; but, as in all other institutions, the hour of prosperity is often the hour of danger. Events, which could hardly have been anticipated, involved the nation in a civil war, and its religious institutions suffered in the general desolation. On the accession of Louis XIV., in 1643, when he was only five years of age, his mother, Anne of Austria, when appointed to the Regency, nominated Cardinal Mazarine to be Minister. Hated by the nobility as an Italian, and by the people from the severity of his fiscal policy, a powerful faction was organized by the celebrated Duchess of Longueville, at the instigation of Rochefoucauld; and so formidable were their preparations, that the Queen Regent, with Mazarine and the King, were obliged to quit the capital. Fascinated by the wit and beauty of the rebel Duchess, even the great Turenne took the field against his sovereign, and war and famine raged throughout the kingdom. Amid the violence and devastation which followed in their train, many of the religious houses were levelled to the ground. The Abbey of St. Cyran was ransacked, and Port-Royal itself threatened with a similar fate.

In this emergency, it was arranged that the nuns should take refuge in Paris, while the recluses should fortify the Monastery and defend it against the enemy. On the day of St. Mark, accordingly, a long line of carriages, filled with the sisterhood, and under the charge of Angelique, set off for the capital,

amid the blessings and prayers of their friends. The band of recluses, three hundred strong, immediately took possession of the Monastery, removed into it all their furniture, and proceeded to fortify it by a series of small towers, erected at proper intervals on the walls. Hands unaccustomed to the spade, the chisel, or the axe, dug the foundations, hewed the stones, and handled the trowel; and between the strokes of the axe, with which the forests rung, could be caught the songs of praise with which the hours of labor were beguiled. As in the times of Esdras, when the walls of Jerusalem were built, the trowel was in one hand and the sword in the other. Before the defences were completed, the tide of battle rolled to the valley of Chereuse. Three hundred sainted warriors, as in the days of the Covenant, appeared in military armour. "Spears and helmets glanced amid the dark recesses of the forest, and the din of arms was for the first time heard in a retreat so eminently consecrated to prayer." Though the hours of labor were changed, the services of religion and the duties of charity were performed as of old. Before the notes of the pealing anthem had died away, the blast of the trumpet summoned the worshippers to arms. "The forest," says one of the chosen band, "which had never echoed but to hymns of praise, was now disturbed by the clash of arms, and the tread of cavalry; and the wood-pigeons, hares, and other tribes of animals, which had become tame in their solitude, now started with fear at the volleys of musquetry, and the sound of the evening gun." The eloquent recluse who recorded the events which were now agitating Port-Royal, could not but contrast these warlike scenes with the ordinary functions of the community. "Surely," says he, "arms were never wielded by hands more pure. Whilst their armor glittered in the sun, the gold and silver with which they were adorned concealed the hair cloth and the penitential shirt beneath, and the plumes which towered over their martial fronts, hid the tear of compunction which flowed down their cheeks. Whilst the two-edged falchion glittered from their side, the hands that were to wield it were solely occupied in pouring balm into the wounds of their afflicted countrymen. The voices which called to arms, were chiefly occupied in pouring forth the prayer of faith, or the thanksgivings of Divine love at

the beds of the dying; and the gaily caparisoned horses, that seemed so eager for the field, were solely used in carrying food and raiment to the distressed. It was an awful sight to see, in the midst of these strangely altered solitudes, this little troop at the moment the bell rung for prayer. In one instant every helmet was cast upon the ground; and with their heads uncovered, and their faces prostrate in the dust, a thousand hands, cased in steel, were lifted up in suppliant adoration."

In the centre of this holy band there stood two individuals, in discordant costume and with antagonist feelings. M. de Sericourt, the nephew of the great Arnauld, who had served under Condé, again drew his sword, but in a better cause. Though now a recluse, and finally the victim of fastings and penances, his defiant spirit returned for a while, as he deployed the martial column or vociferated the word of command. Beside him, unarmed, and in monastic attire, stood the venerable De Sacy. He had asked and expected help from an arm not of flesh, and he felt that the Divine law, to which they had sworn allegiance, did not sanction even defensive war. He implored his brethren in arms to exchange the weapons of death for the buckler of faith and the sword of the Spirit, and to follow only the Captain of their salvation. As if with one heart, the marshalled levy felt the electric stroke, and threw down their arms. The penitents returned to their cell, and the recluses to their labor; and Port-Royal, about to become a beleaguered fortress, was again but the house of prayer. Though incendiaries and marauders plied around them the work of pillage and even assassination, and brought famine and pestilence in their train, yet Port-Royal was spared. It became the asylum of the sick and wounded—the hiding-place even of its enemies. The poor of the neighborhood brought their effects to it as a place of security, and several hundreds of ruined peasants were daily supplied with food from its stores. "We are all occupied," says Angelique, who remained at her post, "in contriving soups and potage for the poor. On taking their rounds yesterday, our gentlemen found two persons starved to death, and a young woman about to kill her child for whom she had no food. All around is pillage,—corn fields trampled by the cavalry,—no horses are left

to plough, and nobody is certain of reaping what he sows. Our dormitory and chapter houses are full of the horses and cattle of the peasantry—forty cows in the cellar, and the out-houses crammed with geese, turkeys, fowls, ducks and asses. The church is piled up to the ceiling with corn of all kinds, and with the caldrons and kettles of the peasants. The floor of the chapel is covered with sacks of flour, and the libraries of our gentlemen. Thirty or forty nuns from other convents have fled to ours for refuge. Our laundry is thronged with the aged and the young, the maimed and the blind. The infirmary is full of the sick and wounded, and we have torn up all our rags and linen clothes to dress their sores. Our fire-wood is consumed, and we dare not go out for more. The cold is excessive, and alone preserves us from pestilence. We are so closely crowded that deaths are numerous. God, however, is with us, and we are in peace."

Great as were the sufferings of the Port-Royalists in this sanguinary war, calamities awaited them still more severe. The family of Arnauld had long been hated by the Jesuits not less for their pre-eminent piety than for the evangelical character of their faith. Anthony Arnauld, the most illustrious of an illustrious house, had, in a visit to the Abbot St. Cyran, in his dungeon of Vincennes, imbibed the spirit of that distinguished martyr. Abandoning his high prospects at the bar, he devoted himself to theology, and joined his nephews, Le Maitre and Sericourt, in their hermitage at Port-Royal. He had taken lessons at the Sorbonne, under Lescot, the confessor of Cardinal Richelieu; but in the Thesis which he defended in 1636, he had supported the doctrine of Augustine on Grace, and thus given offence to his Jesuit master. Though a recluse, he desired admission into the Sorbonne as a Fellow, but was rejected through the influence of the Cardinal. He took, however, the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1641; and in the church of Notre Dame, and at the altar of the martyrs, he took the oath, "that he would defend the truth even to the effusion of his blood." His dying mother had brought him under the same vow, "at the expense, were it necessary, of a thousand lives;" and it became the business of his life to acquit himself of the double obligation. His career was one continued combat for his faith; and he would have cheerfully submitted

to death, as he did to poverty and exile, in so sacred a cause. In 1643 he published his celebrated work, *De La Frequente Communion*, which, though sanctioned by the whole ecclesiastical province of Auchy, several bishops, and twenty-four doctors of the Sorbonne, was bitterly assailed by the Jesuits as full of pernicious doctrine, and as containing *thirty-two* heresies. In some of his other writings, heresies of equal magnitude were found; and such were the passions they roused, that the Gallican Church, the doctors of the Sorbonne, the Minister of State, and the Pope himself, were invited to condemn the heretic. Calumnies of every form and hue, against Arnauld and the Port-Royalists, were circulated and believed. St. Cyran and Arnauld were denounced as conspirators against the Christian faith, as despisers of the Eucharist, and as heretics who had neither holy water nor images in their churches, and who prayed neither to the saints nor to the Virgin. But even in those days unsupported slander occasionally recoiled upon its authors. The Jesuits found that other weapons were necessary against such formidable disputants; and an obscure priest, whom they employed, Father Cornet, produced five heretical propositions,* which he alleged were contained in the *Augustinus* of Jansen, and inculcated by Arnauld upon his disciples. A conclave of Parisian divines denounced them as heretical; the Pope censured them; Mazarine condemned them; and, as the only antidote to the evangelical poison taught by the Arnaulds in the schools and cells of Port-Royal, an order was issued to abolish them.

For this purpose, the officers of police, accompanied by a troop of archers, marched to Port-Royal, made a list of the schools, turned out the masters and scholars, and commanded every recluse to depart on pain of imprisonment. An order of Council was soon afterwards obtained for the expulsion of the nuns; and it was resolved to eject every scholar, postulant, and novice, from both the town and country Monasteries of Port-Royal. The decree for this infamous proceeding was actually signed, and on the eve of being executed, when an event occurred as singular in its nature, as it was irresistible in its spell, which paralyzed the secular arm, and stayed for a while the vengeance of the Church.

* A full account of this remarkable controversy will be found in our Review of the Life of Pascal, vol. i., pp. 309-317.

The event to which we allude was the miracle of the Holy Thorn, performed within the walls of Port-Royal. Marguerite Perrier, the niece of the illustrious Pascal, had been placed in 1653 along with her eldest sister at Port-Royal. She had suffered for upwards of three years from a *Fistula Lacrymalis*, which assumed a loathsome form; and when the skill of the most celebrated surgeons had failed, and they were about to have recourse to the cautery, a priest brought to the Monastery a thorn from the Saviour's crown, with the object only of gratifying its inmates. A procession was arranged to see and to kiss the sacred relic; and when Marguerite Perrier was about to pay it this mark of respect, she was requested by her neighbor, the Sœur Flavie Passart, to apply it to her eye. The fistula immediately disappeared. Pascal himself, and the surgeons from Paris, saw the change, and believed in the miracle. The public gave it the same credit; and when the Queen Regent, on the report of her physician, was convinced of its truth, she recalled her archers, cancelled her obnoxious decree, and restored the inmates of Port-Royal to their pious labors.*

The respite thus obtained for the condemned Monastery by the Holy Thorn, and the wit and genius of Pascal, was not their only achievement. Persecution had extended the fame of the Monastery; and the Christian patience with which it had been borne had multiplied its friends. The most superstitious Catholics regarded the miracle as a Divine attestation of the purity and pre-eminence of the institution, and the most evangelical as a new charter from on high. Pilgrims flocked to it as a sacred spot. Postulants and novices competed for its shelter and its counsels, and multitudes of distinguished devotees sought for a temporary home within its pale. No fewer than two hundred and fifty nuns and recluses were its permanent occupants, and several hundreds more were under their constant or occasional superintendence. Conversions to the faith were of daily occurrence; and from the gay and frail world of Paris, the Queen of Poland, the Princess Guimenée, the Dukes and Duchesses of Luynes, Liancourt, and Pontchateau, and the Marchionesses of Sevigné and Sablé, retired to the seclusion of Port-Royal.

* A full account of this miracle, and of the *Provincial Letters* of Pascal, to which it gave rise, will be found in vol. i., pp. 316, 320.

Although the Queen Regent had been induced by the miraculous cure of Mademoiselle Perrier to abrogate the decree which was about to be executed against Port-Royal, the influence of the Jesuits again prevailed, and Louis XIV., now of age, withdrew his protection from Port-Royal. After the five propositions of Father Cornet had been condemned by Innocent X., the Jesuits resolved to draw up a formulary or test, declaring them to be heretical, and contained in the "Augustinus" of Jansen, and to insist upon their being signed by the Port-Royalists. To have refused their signatures would have been to defy the authority of the Pope, and to have given it, would have been to condemn themselves. To the astonishment of their enemies, they all, Arnauld and his disciples, put their names to the Test; but a sentence was added to each name, denying that the propositions expressed the sentiments of Jansen or themselves, and pointing out the difference between them. Thus unexpectedly foiled, the Jesuits induced the King to apply again to the Vatican; and on the 16th November, 1656, a bull was fulminated by Alexander VII., confirming that of Innocent, and declaring that the propositions were heretical, and contained in the "Augustinus" of Jansen. A second test was, therefore, drawn up in 1660, binding its subscribers to "condemn the propositions from their inmost soul," and "even to call upon God to witness their sincerity." Not only the clergy, but the schoolmasters, the members of religious houses, and even the nuns, were required to subscribe it. When this new test was presented to them, the Port-Royalists, with one accord, refused their signatures. Arnauld and the recluses proclaimed the distinction between submitting to the Pope in matters of *faith* and in matters of *fact*; and the nuns declared that, as they were ignorant of Latin, they could not swear to the contents of a book which they were unable to read. All argument, however, was unavailing. The King, the Jesuits, and the clergy united their powers of mischief in oppressing the Jansenists. The demons of police, backed by a troop of horse, visited both the establishments of Port-Royal; and Singlin, Arnauld, Le Maitre, and Saci were obliged to fly for their lives. Excommunications, fines, imprisonment, and exile, were for four years the inflictions of the court and the church. The prisons were everywhere filled with the faithful. The Bas-

tille was so crowded, that its passages were converted into temporary cells, and many of the nuns, who were imprisoned in their convents, were treated with every species of inhumanity.

While her Monastery was thus threatened with destruction, Mere Angelique remained at her post. The weight of three-score and ten years had unfitted her for her arduous duties, and a quarter of a century of persecution had done its work on a frame otherwise than robust. When recovering from a severe illness, she was apprised of the violent measures which were contemplated against Port-Royal de Paris. Taking leave of her disconsolate family, she was transported to Paris in a litter, and on her road was met by the lieutenant of police who had been sent to inform her of the intended expulsion of her scholars, her novices, her postulants, and her boarders. On her arrival, she found the gates of the Monastery guarded, with troops of archers in the courtyard; and day after day she had to bear the expulsion, one by one, of seventy-five of her community, whom she had loved and cherished with the tenderest affection. To this mental sorrow was superadded physical sufferings of no ordinary kind,—a balm, if not an antidote to the deeper agonies of the soul. An attack of incurable dropsy supervened, and in the intervals of its paroxysms, and amid the vociferations of soldiers and the rattling of arms, she dictated two letters,—the one to an intimate friend, the other to a relentless enemy. "At length," she wrote to M. De Sevigné, "our good Lord has seen fit to deprive us of all. Fathers, disciples, children, all are gone. Blessed be the name of the Lord. This heavenly visitation is necessary to purify our hearts, as with a refiner's fire, from its various corruptions." To Anne of Austria she wrote in a different, though not less Christian strain, and, interrupted by faintings and convulsions, she reminded her of the persecutions of Port-Royal, and defended the cause in which it had suffered. This remarkable letter, which was believed by the court to be the joint production of Arnauld, Nicole, and Saci, has been long celebrated as a model of piety, wisdom, and eloquence. "My earthly business is done," she said to the nuns around, when the letter was dispatched; and, accordingly, the few days that were granted her were spent in prayer, and in benedictions to her sorrowing companions. She died on

the 16th of August, 1661, at the age of seventy, leaving behind her a name which will be remembered in the history of her country when that of its sages and warriors have been obliterated from its page.

A character so pure and noble as that of Mere Angelique cannot, as with the gay colors of nature, be made brighter by contrast; but there lived and breathed in the atmosphere of Port-Royal a being so treacherous and vile, that the contrast has an interest of another aspect. Among the members of that holy sisterhood there was one, Catherine Flavie Passart, whom Angelique had especially patronized, and for whose family she had generously provided,—the most devotional among the devout,—the most abstemious in her fastings,—and the most self-afflicted in her penances. To these rare gifts she added the finest talents and accomplishments—eloquence in discourse, and an unrivalled style in her epistolary writings. The portraits of Jansen and St. Cyran ornamented her lowly cell, and she was one of the keenest defenders of their faith, and the bitterest enemy of their persecutors. She was the companion who advised Mademoiselle Perrier to pray to her Saviour when she applied the Holy Thorn, and thus became, as it were, the cause of the miracle. The fame, however, which she had by these means acquired, did not satisfy the cravings of her ambition. She aimed at a still higher sanctity, and for a while obtained it. When visited with sickness, she often recovered as if by a miracle. Messages from beyond the grave added to her fame, and the saints above responded to her invocations. Pretensions like these might have been ascribed to acute and morbid sensations, or to a glowing and excited fancy; but when she exhibited to her school a full-blown rose, which had budded and blossomed on a leafless branch placed before the portrait of St. Cyran, she excited suspicions which were quickly confirmed. Aspiring to the croisier of the Abbess, she thus forfeited the claims which her unrivalled sanctity had given her among the electors; and feeling that her true character had been revealed, she struck into a new and more tortuous path. Charging the Abbess and the nuns as her seducer, she withdrew her scruples to sign the anti-Jansenist test, and became a spy in the Monastery, and a willing tool in the hands of the Jesuits. She persuaded M. Hardouin Prefire, the Metropoli-

tan Archbishop, that if twenty-six of the refractory nuns were imprisoned and dispersed in different convents, it would be easy for a devoted abbe to restore the rest to obedience. The unscrupulous prelate accepted her advice. In 1663 he repaired to Port-Royal de Paris with an imposing train of the civil authorities; and having tendered in vain the anti-Jansenist test, he imprisoned Mere Agnes and fifteen of the principal nuns. In the valley of the Chevreuse he inflicted the same punishment upon ten of the community, and interdicted them from the sacrament. The scene on this occasion is worthy of the artist's pencil. On the opening of the gates, the archiepiscopal state-coach, with other coaches containing the lesser functionaries, entered the sacred precincts. Eight empty coaches, guarded by twenty constables and eighty soldiers with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, followed. The Archbishop alighted in state, preceded by his silver cross, crowned with his mitre, and followed by numerous ecclesiastics bearing his train. M. Andilly, who had six daughters in the Monastery, and whose mother and grandmother slept in the adjacent cemetery, threw himself at the Archbishop's feet, and besought him in vain to allow his three daughters and his sister, Mere Agnes, to reside at his country-seat at Pomponne. The procession moved into the church, and a scene ensued which it is impossible briefly to describe. The anti-Jansenist test received no signature. Twenty-three nuns were carried off to separate convents, and after suffering ten month's imprisonment, were taken back to Port-Royal, where, debarred from the sacraments of the Church, they were left to die the victims of injustice and oppression. The distinguished recluses, who had surrounded Port-Royal with an intellectual glory, no longer hallowed the valley of Chevreuse. Many of them pined away in dens, in dungeons, or in exile. Singlin died in extreme suffering in the Bastille; and De Saci and several of his friends were sent to that hated prison.

The persecutions, of the Jesuits were not confined to the recusant monasteries. Although the obnoxious test had been accepted by the clergy, yet four faithful men were found among their higher ranks: The Bishops of Alais, Angers,* Pamiers, and Beauvais,

* Henry Arnauld, the brother of Mere Angelique. He died blind in 1696, in the 96th year of his age.

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refused to sanction the new prerogative of the Pope, and incurred his highest displeasure. In 1667, when stretched on his deathbed, Alexander VII threatened with his vengeance the dissenting bishops; but fortunately for his victims, and for the peace of the Church, he was not permitted to carry his threats into execution. A more Christian spirit now breathed from the Vatican, and Clement IX. had the honor of restoring peace to the Gallican Church. So Herculean a task it was not easy to accomplish. The infallible decree of one Pontiff cannot be abrogated by the equally infallible decision of another. Casuistry, the only arbiter between such antagonist convictions, failed to reconcile the opinions of the Pope and the reculant Bishops, till it was enforced by appeals which the heart of the ecclesiastic, rather than his conscience, not unfrequently obeys. A fascinating woman reversed the decree of the dying Pontiff, paralyzed the uplifted arm of the King and his confessor, and brought back the exiles of Port-Royal to their happy home.

Anne Genevieve de Bourbon-Condé, by whom the tide of persecution was turned, claims a passing notice. Born in 1619, in the dungeon of Vincennes, during the captivity of her father, Henry of Bourbon, Prince of Condé, and brought up amidst domestic misfortunes, she purposed to take the veil in the Convent of the Carmelites; but, under the pressure of a mother's control, she was made to unite the austerities of the cloister with the excitements of the ball-room, and with a shirt of hair beneath, to combine all the fascinations of dress and beauty. Her conversation, her manners, her expression, and her genuine beauty, made many conquests. At the age of nineteen, she was betrothed to the Prince of Joinville; but being relieved from this engagement by his death, she married at the age of twenty-three the Duke of Longueville, then in his forty-seventh year. To marry, was in those days to establish a right to licentious love, and infidelity on one side was never required to call it into exercise on the other. In the conduct of her husband the Duchess might have found an apology for her own; but she was too honest, or rather too wicked to plead it, and she threw herself into the abyss of wanton and uncurbed licentiousness. Her life, public and private, was one of crime and shame. As the heroine of the Fronde, she was a rebel and an usurper, and

she was a prostitute as the mistresses of many lovers. It is fortunate for society that vice, even the blackest, is often the turning-point to virtue, and that the fascinations of beauty, so often fatal to domestic peace, have frequently brought back the exile to his heart, thrown open the dungeon to the captive, and released the martyr from his stake. Such, indeed, were the achievements of the Duchess of Longueville. Satiated with pleasure, and having exhausted its deepest fountains, she found that there was nothing good under the sun. In the quiet of monastic life she sought for nobler excitements; and she found peace in its holy pursuits, and doubtless pardon in its lofty aspirations.

In 1667, when Clement IX. assumed the tiara, the Papal denunciation of the four Bishops had excited public commiseration. No fewer than nineteen prelates came to the defence of their colleagues, and had the courage to appeal both to the Pope and the King. The Pope at first lent a deaf ear to the appeal, and the King was unwilling to interfere. In this emergency the Duchess addressed an eloquent and touching letter to the Pope, in favor of Port-Royal and the Bishops; and a committee, consisting of the Archbishop of Sens, the Bishop of Chalons, Arnauld, and Nicole, met at her hotel, in order to bring to a settlement this important affair. The Pope's Nuncio in Paris could not resist the appeal of rank and beauty. Even Condé came to the help of his sister; and, after eighteen months of diplomacy and intrigue, she triumphed over the obstinacy both of the Pope and of the King. Each party, anxious for peace, abated their pretensions without confessing it; and the "*Paix de l'Eglise*," the "*Pacification of Clement IX.*," which was effected in 1668, was hailed by all but the Jesuits. The event was announced by a solemn decree, and consecrated by a medal. The King addressed a kind letter to the four Bishops. Arnauld and his friends were introduced to the King and the court, and received an equally warm reception from the Nuncio. De Saei and his captive brethren were released from the Bastille, and Port-Royal resumed its functions, opened its schools, and received into its bosom its faithful and scattered exiles.

After the restoration of the Monastery, the Duchess of Longueville occasionally resided at Port-Royal, deploring with bitter tears the

errors of her life, and devoting her princely income to works of charity and love. She liberated from prison ninety debtors, and at one time no fewer than four thousand prisoners subsisted on her bounty. She thus regained the affections of the King and the Queen mother, who endeavored to wean her from her solitude, but all their attempts were vain. The death of her favorite son, Charles-Paris de Longueville, who was killed at the passage of the Rhine in 1672, drove her into a more habitual seclusion,—residing either in the Convent of the Carmelites, or at Port-Royal des Champs. Preferring the quiet of the country, she built a house near the Abbey, where she enjoyed the society of Arnauld, Nicole, Sacy, and the other eminent men who, after the Pacification of Clement IX., had been attracted to Port-Royal.

Among these, Sebastian Nain de Tillemont held a distinguished place. Educated at Port-Royal under Nicole, he desired to spend the rest of his days in that sacred spot. Retiring to the rural parish of St. Lambert, between Port-Royal and Chevreuse, he became a subdeacon in 1672, and a priest in 1676; and in order to be near Sacy, he built a hermitage in the court of the Abbey, pursuing his studies in ecclesiastical history, and, as Fontaine expresses it, “living alone, and with no witness but God himself, who was ever present with him, and who was to him all in all.”

Though not a recluse, Racine, the great dramatist of his age, was the advocate and historian of Port-Royal. He was trained, along with Tillemont, by Nicole and Dr. Hamon, and imbibed the lofty principles which they taught. Although his fame as a dramatic author was not likely to be appreciated in a monastery, yet there is no reason to believe that his writings had given offence to his monastic friends. An event, however, occurred, which brought him into painful collision with the teachers whom he loved. In a reply to Desmarets, the author of the comedy entitled *Visionnaires*, Nicole characterized dramatic writers as, *Empoisonneurs publics, et gens horribles aux yeux des Chrétiens*, as “public poisoners, and persons hated by Christians.”* Though inapplicable to Racine, he felt it as an attack upon himself, and replied to Nicole in his famous letter addressed to

the *Authors of Imaginary Heresies*, in which he attacked his former teacher with a talent worthy of Pascal, and feeling not easily reconciled with his religious views. Irritated by two sharp replies to his letter, he wrote another still more severe; but, by the advice of Boileau, and under the conviction that he had failed in respect to his secular, as well as to his religious teachers, he withheld it from the public, and even withdrew all the copies of his first letter which he could obtain. Not satisfied with these acts of reparation, he went with Boileau to the house of Arnauld, and threw himself at his feet. Arnauld, in his turn threw himself at the feet of Racine, and they embraced each other as friends, brothers, and Christians. The grief which this event occasioned to the poet, was not soon assuaged. When accidentally referred to by a friend, he declared “that it was the most shameful act of his life, and that he would give all his blood to efface it.” Under this feeling, Racine ceased to write for the stage, though his *Esther* and *Athalie* might have been perused even in the cloisters of Port-Royal. “It is in these two tragedies,” says one of his biographers “founded on the most sublime of models, that he is almost always sublime himself, and that, with the inspiration of a Hebrew prophet, he announces Divine truth in verses almost divine.” As he advanced in years, his devotional habits acquired new strength. He prayed daily with his family and domestics, and expounded to them the Scriptures; and he became so indifferent to fame, that he refused to revise the new editions of his works. Though a favorite at court, he ceased to attend its levees, and but for the claims of his family, he would have spent his last days at Port-Royal. He died the death of the righteous, on the 22d April, 1699; and his remains were, at his own request, interred beside those of Dr. Hamon, one of his early friends; but, though disturbed during the violation of the tombs of the Monastery, which we have yet to describe, and carried from one cemetery to another, they at last found a resting-place in Paris, beside those of Pascal, in St. Etienne du Mont.

While the Duchess of Longueville lived, and influenced the civil and ecclesiastical authorities, the community of Port-Royal flourished undisturbed, and reckoned among its inmates many noble and distinguished inmates. The Prince of Conti, one of the leaders of the

* *Les Imaginaires et les Visionnaires, ou Lettres sur heresie imaginaires.*

Fronde, retired to the sacred valley, with his wife and his sister the Duchess of Longueville; and, like her, had wept over the sins of their early life, and devoted their wealth to works of charity and love. There the Duke de Liancourt found a happy home after a life of misfortune. Here the Duke and Duchess of Luynes came for spiritual comfort, and spent large sums in making additions to the Abbey; and here M. Pontchateau, once a diplomatist, and afterwards the apostolic Porto-notary at Rome, closed his chequered life, under the name of Le Mercier, as a diligent laborer in the garden, and an affectionate worshipper in the church. Thus did Port-Royal become the most celebrated, and one of the most spacious abbeys in France. Two hundred nuns lived within its walls. The recluses, who followed some manual or intellectual pursuit, occupied the farm-houses, and other cottages belonging to the Monastery; and numerous families of rank and influence, some of whom we have mentioned, occupied country-houses of their own, or boarded for a while with others, to profit by the piety and learning of the recluses.

At the death of the Duchess of Longueville, in 1679, Port-Royal, after eleven years of peace, had to pass through another period of adversity. In this event the Jesuits anticipated their return to power; and, through the influence of Madame Maintenon, they obtained possession of the King's conscience—the Royal pith-ball which vibrated between the contending electricities of loyal and vicious love. François Harlai, the unscrupulous and the immoral occupant of the metropolitan see, the tool of Louis, because the slave of Madame Maintenon, expelled the scholars and the postulates, and prohibited the admission of novices to the Monastery. Arnauld, Nicole, Lancelot, De Saci, Tillemont, Hamon, Pontchateau, and the other distinguished recluses, were banished from the valley of Chevreuse. Arnauld and Nicole retired to the Netherlands; Lancelot to Quimperle, where he died in 1695; De Saci to Pompone, the domain of his brother, where he died in 1684; and Tillemont to a small property bearing his name, between Montreuil and Vincennes. After visiting Arnauld in Holland in 1681, Tillemont returned to Paris, where he died in the sixty-second year of his age. His remains were interred at Port-Royal des Champs, and after being exhumed in 1711, were trans-

ported to the church of St. Andres-des-Arcs in Paris.

At the commencement of this persecution, Mere Angelique de St. Jean, the daughter of M. Arnauld D'Andilly, and the sister of Mere Angelique, had been Abbess for only ten months, and suffered deeply under the blow which had struck her household. She defended her Monastery in a letter of rare eloquence and talent; but no argument however sound, and no eloquence however powerful, could reach the head and the heart of her relentless persecutor. She conducted the affairs of her impoverished and decaying establishment during the rest of her life; and when in 1684 she was stretched on her deathbed, she expired during the reading of the 73d Psalm, as one peculiarly apposite to the fate of Port-Royal.

Upon the death of Mere Angelique, the Mere du Fargis, the Prioress of Port-Royal, succeeded her as Abbess, and Mere St. Thecla Racine, the aunt of the poet, became its Prioress. Though deprived of its distinguished recluses, and of the schools which they taught, Port-Royal des Champs, which had been long separated from Port-Royal de Paris, dragged on a lingering existence under the frown of the court and the Church. The great question between the Jansenists and the Jesuits had ceased to distract the King or to disturb the Vatican, but it had been left in such a state of unstable equilibrium that the breath of a priest was sufficient to unsettle it.

M. Pasquier Quesnel, a priest of the congregation of the Oratory, had published the first part of a work entitled *Reflexions Morales*, which was so highly esteemed that Vialart, Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne, recommended it by a mandatory letter, in 1671, to the ecclesiastics and the faithful of his diocese. It was republished in Paris in the same year, with the privilege and approbation of the doctors of the Sorbonne, and the consent of the Archbishop, M. De Noailles. M. Quesnel, thus highly patronised, continued to extend his *Reflexions* to the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles; but Harlai having banished M. De Sainte Marthe, the General of the Oratory, on account of his attachment to Arnauld and his principles, Quesnel, who was much attached to his superior, and was believed to hold the same opinions, was ordered to quit Paris and the diocese. He took refuge at the end of 1681 in the house

of the Oratory of Orleans, the congregation of which had, three years before, prepared a formula condemning Jansenism and the philosophy of Descartes. In 1684 the same body exacted from all its members their signature to the formula. Quesnel and several of his colleagues refused to sign it, and, dreading the consequences, he joined Arnould in Brussels, and remained there till the death of the latter in 1694. Having revised and completed his *Reflexions*, it appeared in 1694, and was presented to M. De Noailles, who had succeeded Vialart as Bishop of Chalons. In a mandatory letter, issued in 1695, the new bishop recommended it to his clergy; but, in the same year, when he was translated to the archiepiscopal chair in Paris, he published an ordinance on the 20th August 1696, condemning a book published by the Abbé De Barcos, nephew of the famous St. Cyr, entitled *Exposition de la foi de L'Eglise touchant le Grace et la Predestination*, a work containing the very same doctrines which he had sanctioned in the *Reflexions Morales*. Two years afterwards there appeared a remarkable pamphlet, entitled *Probleme Ecclesiastique*,* or a *Case of Conscience*, in which the author contrasted Noailles, Bishop of Chalons, approving the doctrines of the *Reflexions Morales* in 1695, with Noailles, Archbishop of Paris, in 1696, condemning the same doctrines in the *Exposition de la Foi*, and maliciously asked, whether we were to believe the approbation or the censure. At the instigation of Noailles, the Parliament of Paris, in January 1699, condemned the *Probleme Ecclesiastique* to be burned. He had believed that it was written by the Jesuits, and ever afterwards he entertained the most unfavorable opinion of them. He even interdicted them from his diocese, and all the influence of Madame Maintenon was not sufficient to restore them to his favor. In consequence of these proceedings the Jansenist controversy agitated the ecclesiastical world. Bishops were arrayed on each side, and Cardinal Noailles on both; and the Jansenists under Quesnel at Brussels, carried on the contest with all the eloquence which truth and learning could supply. In this emergency Clement XI. issued, in 1705, the famous bull beginning with

* The author of this pamphlet was a Benedictine of the name of Thierry de Viaixnes, and a Jansenist

the words *Vineam Domini Sabaoth*, in which it is declared that respectful silence, in reference to the authority of the Pope in determining matters of fact, was not a sufficient submission to an apostolic and Papal bull. Instead of allaying, this bull only embittered the contest. Louis XIV., softened by misfortunes, and knowing that his own confessor, M. la Chaise, as well as Cardinal Noailles, had approved of the *Reflexions Morales*, while his present confessor, Tellier, had condemned it in one hundred and one propositions, was anxious to bring the dispute to a close; and accordingly Clement XI. issued, in 1713, the celebrated bull known by the name of *Unigenitus*, in which, as Ranke observes, the Jansenist doctrines of sin, grace, justification, and miracle, even in their mitigated expression, and sometimes as they were thought to be literally found in St. Augustine, and in a far larger extension than in the "five propositions, were denounced as heretical."* Anxious to maintain his own consistency, Noailles refused to accept the bull, and encouraged the most marked opposition to it in his diocese; but, as a compensation for this contumacious proceeding, he persecuted Port-Royal with the most unrelenting hostility. The nuns of that Abbey alone were required to subscribe the bull *Vineam* without mental or written reservation. They added their names to the document, but with the declaration that they were not disavowing the principle of the "Pacification of Clement XI." The limitation in the demand indicated its persecuting spirit, and the noble contumacy of the reply was held to justify the persecution.

Although urged by Thomassin, one of his functionaries, to spare Port-Royal, and naturally disposed to mercy, he was yet so strongly pressed by the Court and the Jesuits to take an opposite course, that he at last yielded to their solicitations. Although the decree of the Cardinal for the suppression and extinction of Port-Royal was passed on the 11th of July, yet the Royal decree for carrying that of the Cardinal into effect was not obtained till the 26th of October.

Three days afterwards M. D'Argenson, Counsellor of State, was sent to put the decree into execution. A body of several hundred horsemen, marching in secret from

* Ranke's *History of the Popes*, vol. iii., pp. 199, 200.

Paris, having taken possession of all the avenues of approach, D'Argenson demanded admission in the King's name, and summoned the whole community into the chapter-house. From the throne of the Abbess he read the first part of the decree, demanded and obtained all the title-deeds of the Monastery, and in the presence of the Prioress and Sub-Prioress, affixed his seal to the various chests to which the archives and other property were consigned. Having again summoned the community to the chapter-house, he read the remainder of the decree enjoining the instant dispersion of the nuns to different religious houses out of the diocese of Paris, naming their places of exile, and putting into the hand of each a sum of money to defray the expense of their journey, and their first quarter's board at the convent which was to receive them. Not a sigh, nor a murmur, nor a tear betrayed the feelings of this band of martyrs. They prepared, in the brief time that was allowed them, the little bundles which they were permitted to carry; and when the carriages drove into the court to receive them, a scene occurred which no language can describe. The farmers, villagers, and poor of the neighborhood had assembled in hundreds on the surrounding heights, and no sooner had they seen the carriages advance into the court than an universal cry of indignation and of wailing rent the air. The poor rushed down in crowds to the Monastery, weeping and screaming, and praying for their benefactors; but neither tears nor cries could avail. The Prioress blessed and counselled each nun as she entered her temporary prison; and carriage after carriage, each with an armed escort, forced a passage through lines of the kneeling and weeping poor. In their lonely journey they suffered great hardships, both from the severity of the season and the rudeness of their guards. They were refused permission to attend divine worship, and were even locked up at the inns where they slept. Many of them, far advanced in life, and suffering under the infirmities of disease and age, sank under the anxieties and fatigues of the journey, while others, of higher spirit and with better constitutions, exhibited during their imprisonment and sufferings all the virtues of the Christian martyr. Madame Anne Julie de Remicourt, the Sub-Prioress, who was sent to the Priory of Bellefond, was kept for two years under lock and key in a

small garden-house, ventilated and lighted only through the chimney. She only saw the lay sister who fed her, was interdicted the use of books and writing materials, and allowed neither fire nor candle during the severities of winter. Mere Claude Louise, the last Prioress of Port-Royal des Champs, was also the last to quit the Abbey. "Be faithful to the end," was the last advice which she gave to her sisters, and which she nobly followed. At Blois, in the Convent of the Ursulines, the place of her exile, she was immured in a prison, interdicted the sacraments, and urged on her deathbed by bishops and nuns to sign the formula which she had so long abjured. Without the sacrament, which she earnestly implored, and without the absolution of a priest, which, doubtless, she did not now desire, she died in 1716, and her remains were interred, without the ceremonies of her Church, in an abandoned burying-ground, full of rubbish and overgrown with weeds. Such was the end of one and of all the righteous women, who, in opposition to confessors, cardinals, and popes, and kings, dared to cling to "the truth as it is in Jesus."

Although the living occupants of Port-Royal were driven into exile, its edifices, its groves, its cemeteries, its very stones were instinct with life; and the speech which they uttered might yet summon to the valley which they hallowed, another race of confessors and of saints. It was necessary, therefore, in the opinion of the Jesuits, to raze the Abbey and its buildings to the ground, to crush its consecrated altars, and to scatter even the bones of its saints. A decree for this purpose was obtained in the beginning of 1710; but it was not carried into effect till the following year, when the church and all the other buildings were destroyed. At the end of 1711 and in the beginning of 1712, the sepulchres of the nuns and recluses were broken open, and the bodies, in every stage of decomposition exposed to view. Grave diggers, and laborers prepared for their impious task by intoxication, carried on their work amid obscene jests and blasphemous imprecations. Corpses, as if they had been newly buried, were tossed from their lairs, and dragged to the heaps of bones and mangled limbs upon which the dogs were permitted to feed.* When the

* Permission was given to several families to remove the bodies of their relatives; and, accordingly, the bodies of six of the Arnauld family, and

work of exhumation was finished, the putrid mass of human remains was piled up on carts, and deposited in one common pit on the south side of the neighboring Church of St. Lambert. Portions of the bodies which fell from the carts were buried by the poor villagers on the spots where they fell; and the friends of Port-Royal erected above the sacred pit a wooden cross, where many a pilgrim of high and low degree have shed holy tears and poured out their hearts in prayer.

Had we lived in the days of Port-Royal, and witnessed its heroism and its fall, there are two parties whom we should have summoned to the judgment-seat, and whose fate we should have been anxious to foresee, if we lacked the boldness to predict it—the authors of its persecutions, and the Catholic race that approved and applauded it. He who said, "Vengeance is Mine," may reserve the chastening for the grand and supreme assize; but if history is to be our teacher, there are deeds of such transcendent guilt, that justice cannot brook delay. Louis XIV. and the Cardinal Archbishop, his auxiliary and his tool, were summarily tried and punished. The sovereigns who violated the laws of God and man in extirpating the preachers of righteousness—the Huguenots and the Port-Royalists—could hardly expect a reprieve. When three Dauphins, the objects of his love and the heirs to his throne, were struck down by their father's side, and his armies vanquished in the field, the despot felt that the Avenger was in his household, and in his domains; and in his last hour he charged the Jesuits, who had deceived him, as the prompters of his crimes.

The guilty Cardinal Noailles, the unwilling tool of the monarch and his mistress, stood conscience-stricken with the enormity of his crime. It haunted him even in his dreams. He saw the growling wolves disputing over the mangled remains of the martyrs of Port-Royal, while a hand unseen hurled at his head the fragments of its ruins. Under the pangs of remorse, he started with a pious friend, whose counsel he had rejected, to witness the desolations he had caused, to confess his crime on the spot, and to pray for its pardon. When his eye first caught the ruins of the Abbey, he burst into tears, and almost sunk under convulsions. "His groans," to

those of Tillemont, Le Maitre, De Sacy, Racine, and a few more, were transported to other burying-grounds.

use the words of Thomassin, who heard them, "were less like the anguish of a man than the suppressed howlings of an animal in torture." Breaking away from his companion, he wrung his hands, beat his breast, and, frantic with grief, he threw himself on the ground, crying aloud for mercy. At the cemetery, where he saw the yawning graves, his agony became more intense, and the dread of the future more agonizing still. When he read on its portal, "TIME IS YET BEFORE ME," he doubtless felt that to him it was the Time of Repentance, and we trust that the brief homily was not preached in vain.

If the sins of the father are generally visited on the children, France had little reason to expect exemption. She looked on with sullen indifference, and even with criminal applause, when the scaffold was bathed with the blood of the Protestant, and when the martyr was writhing at the stake. The avenging arm was now laid bare against her priests, her kings, and her people. The Jesuits, as a body, were pillaged and suppressed, and as individuals driven into poverty and exile. Her archbishops, the successors of the metropolitan officials who had been the executioners at Port-Royal, perished on the scaffold or at the barricade; and the same godless philosophy which had been let loose against her Church, hurried her kings to the guillotine or to exile, and blotted out their degraded name from among the rulers of the earth.

Nor have the sovereigns of their Church been spared. The presumptuous Pontiffs who have seated themselves on the throne of God, the lying interpreters of his Word, and the wicked usurpers of his power, were humbled and degraded. The same France which the Popes had scourged by their edicts dispatched her legions to Rome,—bearded the holy father in his halls, and sent him in chains from the Vatican. A second Pontiff shared the same fate. The States of the Church became a republic under foreign bayonets; and, as if to proclaim to the Protestant world, and remind France and Rome of their guilt and its punishment, the very edicts which were launched against the Jansenists and Port-Royal were publicly recalled.

Although the rulers of France were thus made the instruments to punish the ecclesiastical tyrants who shed the blood and desecrated the remains of the noblest of her subjects, France, as a people, had yet her sentence

to undergo. Her death-warrant was signed at the destruction of Port-Royal, and though its execution was postponed, the culprit was not reprieved. Time had but increased the weight of the avenger's arm, and it fell with a heavier blow. France in her revolution was the avenger of France in her royal and ecclesiastical despotism. The tocsin of civil war, and the alarm of foreign occupation, rung their discordant notes through the realm. The conscript peasant was hurried from his wine-press, the swain from his plough, and the youth from the domestic hearth; while the guillotine, the dungeon, and the sword of the foreigner, broke up her families into widows and orphans. Though the cup of her iniquities has been filled to the brim, yet the vials of retribution have not discharged their contents. When pestilence or famine or foreign war are the avengers of national guilt, its expiation may be plenary, and the penal obligation discharged; but in civil war, when the watch-fires burn on the house-top or on the barricade, and brother fights with brother, guilt, in its most atrocious phase, demands new and sterner forms of retribution. The iniquities of France, not against her kings, her priests, and her people, but against her saints and her confessors, are not yet avenged; and while we are expressing the truth in these perishable lines, the muttering of the distant thunder is in our ears, and the bolt of Divine

vengeance is on the wing. I WILL REPAY, SAITH THE LORD.

As it was our object, in the preceding article, to give a brief and popular account of the history of Port-Royal and its inmates, we have not made any particular reference to the work of the late Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, a lady of distinguished accomplishments, with whom we had the pleasure of being personally acquainted, and of whose piety and talents the reader will find ample proof in her *Life*, partly autobiographical, edited by her relative, Miss Hawkins. After visiting Port-Royal des Champs in 1814, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck resolved to write its history; and for this purpose made "a large collection of the religious, biographic, and historic works of the Port-Royalists." In writing the preceding pages, we found it necessary to refer to various biographies which Mrs. S. does not seem to have consulted, in order to obtain facts and dates which were required to give continuity to the narrative. Such of our readers as have perused the eloquent article on the Port-Royalists, contributed, nearly thirty years ago, to the *Edinburgh Review*, by Sir James Stephen, will unite with us in expressing the opinion that a short history of Port-Royal, in connection with the political and ecclesiastical history of the seventeenth century, is still a desideratum in our literature.

MY STARS AND GARTERS.

I SOMETIMES wish I were a King
That Honor's fountain I might be;
And oh how fresh you'd find the spring
If Honor bubbled forth from me!
For rank and title I'd bestow,
By an old rule, on objects new:
Since I should by the maxim go,
Honor to whom the same is due.
My coronets the heads should grace
That held within the highest brain.
Science I'd give at least a place
As good as eminent Chicane;
For I think useful knowledge ought
To hold its head as high as law,
And do suppose that men of thought
Deserve no less than men of jaw.
Brave Soldiers I would still promote,
And Sailors—for they keep the peace;
And for that cause, with equal note
Would I distinguish the Police.

The knife encountered in the slums
Should merit Valor's Cross to show;
Death from a home-born savage comes
As like as from a foreign foe.

What are domestic cut-throats less
Than Sepoys, or than Sepoys more?
What else are slaves, with fell excess
Who burn to ravage England's shore?
From equal blackguards, guards alike,
Policemen act with soldiers' hearts,
And soldiers for Britannia strike,
As Constables for Foreign Parts.

Inspectors I would Captains make,
Superintendents all should be
Colonels; Commissioners should take
A General Officer's degree.
Our heroes, blue and red, should share
An equal glory and renown,
For braving dangers here and there
In putting thieves and ruffians down.

—Punch.

From Chambers's Journal.

MUSIC NEXT DOOR.

OUR pursuits are sedentary, and we live in a semi-detached west-end suburban "villa," whose walls are not thick enough to keep out the sounds of a piano and vocal accompaniment next door, which has more or less been the bane of our existence for nearly two years—that is, ever since the present occupant took possession of the domicile, and by degrees roused our curiosity as to what she could possibly be.

The mystery is solved, however, which puzzled us for so long a time; the *dénouement* has taken place; and that in so singular and unexpected a manner, as to keep up the old axiom of "truth being stranger than fiction."

Nearly two years ago, as I said, the next house was vacated, and speedily re-let; and though, of course, as metropolitans, we did not interest ourselves in our neighbors, always bonafidely asserting that we did not know even their names—for we had been teased with village gossip in our time—yet for all our pleasant vaunted independence, and freedom and privacy, we earnestly hoped the new comers next door had no children to squall, or practice on the piano, or run wild in the garden, where we delighted to saunter in our own square table-cloth of a *pleasaunce*, hook in hand, musing in dreamy repose. So we were thankful when our demure Sally informed us that she had seen the vans arrive, "packed beautiful—full of the best of things—clean and 'andsome;" and that the new tenant was a lady—attired in widow's dress—with one elderly maid-servant as her sole "establishment." This information Sally had gleaned from the baker, who supplied all the villas in our road with bread.

We were well aware that our worthy landlord was extremely particular as to the perfect respectability of the parties to whom he let his houses, ours and others; therefore our minds were at rest on that point. We congratulated ourselves on the charming quietness in prospect—for even if the widow-lady did play on the nice piano which Sally said had been carried in next door, doubtless the music would not be of any long continuance, and must differ essentially in character from the distressing discord made by young beginners. Besides, one pair of hands could not do so much as six; and a widow-lady, who had her own troubles, was not likely to play

on the piano by the hour together. We did not ask Sally if our new neighbor was old or young, nor did we inquire her name; for we felt no interest in her, further than in our purely selfish desire of not being so disagreeably disturbed as we had been by the six little Misses Brownriggs, the late occupants of the house.

But alas! we were doomed to disappointment. Well it is for us that we do not foresee coming events. And yet coming events do cast their shadows before; for we declare, when Sally said that a "horizontel pianner" had "gone in next 'ouse," our hearts misgave us; though the indubitable and pleasant fact of there being but one pair of hands to touch it, was duly impressed on our minds, by way of comfort and reassurance.

The very next morning, before we sat down to breakfast—a reasonably early hour—the slow tones of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, and *Annie Laurie*, set for musical aspirants who had but just learned their gamut (the d-o-g and c-a-t, which follows the first acquisition of knowledge), surprised and alarmed us, so determinate and continued was the practising—like a regular "set in rain"—and so patient the pauses between each note, as if the performer was carefully conning and studying the page, before committing herself to produce a wrong sound.

"We thought there were no children next door, Sally," cried we, as Sally entered with the eggs and toast. "You certainly gave us to understand so; but you hear *there are*"—and we pointed significantly over our shoulder in the direction of the lath-and-plaster division of the houses.

"No more there be'ant—there be'ant no children," replied Sally sententiously; "that must be the widder lady herself a-practising."

Sally is not sensitive, and has no ear. "Practising!" we exclaimed in derision; "why, she is spelling the music; she has only just learned the meaning of B flat and C natural; and how careful and particular she is!"—and so she was, hour after hour continuing to repeat her lesson with the most careful industry.

We could detect that the instrument she touched was rich and brilliant, and also that the widow-lady was not slow to learn; but by degrees the fact became painfully certain that this everlasting, monotonous, clear, soft thrum-

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thrum was not to be the event of one day, but of every day; and there were times when we felt as if we must rush into the next house, and entreat her to cease. To cease; for, from that early morning time, till a late hour at night, the practising continued without intermission. What period the indefatigable performer allowed herself for partaking of necessary refreshment, we could not discover; but to judge from the short respite we had, it was a very short time indeed. We rarely saw the widow in her garden, nor could we discern her features; but her figure appeared youthful, and she always gave us the idea of being in a hurry to swallow a mouthful of fresh air, and then to rush back to her beloved piano. She soon left *Scots wha hae* and *Annie Laurie* behind, having perfectly mastered these two airs; and if it had not been that we were nervous and provoked at the disturbance, we should really have had considerable interest in watching her progress; more particularly as a sweet and clear voice made itself so distinctly heard that we could repeat the burden of the song, to which all the widow's energies seemed devoted, when the first difficulties were overcome of the beginner's first lessons.

The air of this song was a curious combination of the pathetic and jocular; we had never heard it before. Was it foreign? Italian?—No. French?—No. German?—No. Swedish?—No. Irish?—Not altogether. Scotch?—Not altogether. English?—Not altogether. It was a very odd song, a very peculiar song; and over and over, over and over, over and over, she practised it, until sometimes we awoke in the night, haunted by it in our very dreams, and singing: "O-O-O, I'm alone in this world without you." We believed that was the burden of the song, but we were not quite decided about the "O-O-O;" it might be "Ochone;" it might be a prolonged quaver or cadence; but it was very peculiar, to say the least of it; and the widow herself always seemed doubtful about this part of it, going over the "O-O-O" in various ways, always sweetly, but still as if she felt unsatisfied with her own efforts, and desired to improve. The entire practising was now merged and concentrated in this one ditty; it appeared as if all the previous hours of persevering industry had been devoted to the piano only to accomplish her intense desire of mastering this

one song. Morning, noon, and night, ceaselessly, over and over, over and over, over and over again, on went the piano accompaniment—at length perfectly learned, and the vocal, "O-O-O, I'm alone in this world without you."

Sometimes she would very diligently practise another pretty air—*All is lost now*—or a waltz, or a polka; and her progress was quick and sure; but ever she returned to her beloved "O-O-O;" and no other song did she attempt; and if we had not been both prejudiced and angry, we should have declared that it was an unique song, a pretty song, and very sweetly sung. But as it was, we only snuffed the air in disdain, remarking: "What can induce any human being to sacrifice so much time to learning a song?"

We christened our neighbor "Angelina," after a celebrated amateur musician of that name; but Sally overhearing us so denominate her, said gravely:—

"That's not the lady's name. Her name is Mrs. Fordham; and her servant's name is Goodwin."

"Thank you, Sally," said we. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure; Goodwin told me so herself; because the postman brought a letter here for me as was meant for her—the direction wasn't legible like." But "Angelina" she continued with us: and we agreed that her wonderful perseverance was worthy of a better cause. A better cause? What cause could induce a woman to devote herself body and soul—and at her mature age—to learn singing, and that singing all condensed into the pathetic, the jocular, the sweet but ridiculous "O-O-O," at which she always stuck; there was something wrong there—the lesson was not perfect. The sweet, clear voice again and again attacked the "O-O," until flesh and blood could bear it no longer, and we were obliged to stuff cotton into our ears, in order to pursue our occupations of writing and reading. She was a wonderful woman. When did she eat? When she went to bed, surely her fingers must have still been working, and her dreams haunted as ours were by that extraordinary burden—"O-O-O, I'm alone in this world without you."

Christmas was now approaching, and we expected our relative, poor Louis Davidson, to pass the Christmas holidays with us. We say "poor Louis," because his history had been a sad but too common one. Brought

up by an improvident mother as an idle gentleman, living on "expectations," Louis, when those expectations failed, and absolute ruin stared them in the face, had met the storm with energy and decision, scarcely to be looked for in one hitherto self-indulgent and supine. Discarding all fine-gentleman habits, he had promptly and thankfully accepted the offer of a situation as usher in a school, presided over by a worthy gentleman, who had been a friend of his father's, and who pitied Louis from his heart, according him warm sympathy and respect, as altered prospects brought out the brighter side of the young man's character. He now entirely supported his ailing, weak mother, who occupied humble apartments in the village where Dr. Smith's academy was situated. We had succeeded with some difficulty in persuading Louis to come and pass the vacation with us. We greatly admired and esteemed him; more than we ever could have done in his days of idleness and frivolity; though now, as then, there was an undercurrent of genial fun in his nature, always good-naturedly evinced, which circumstances had no power to damp or to repress.

"I wonder what Louis will think of 'Angelina' and her song," we often said to one another. "He is extremely fond of music, and has a quick ear; and this repeated 'O-O-O' will no doubt greatly amuse him. But what a quiet, orderly creature this Mrs. Fordham seems; in all other respects a model neighbor—no visitors, no letters, no disturbance of any kind, save this. We shall leave Louis to find out the mystery, if mystery there is in her queer proceedings; and even his good taste cannot be offended with the sweet, clear voice, and industrious precision, of the piano accompaniment. But oh! that she would vary her song"—as the "O-O-O-O" at that moment reached us, and we searched for the cotton wool, to dull our acute sense of sound.

On the very first evening after Louis' arrival, he turned an attentive ear to the music issuing from the next house; but there was a great deal of talking going forward, so that he could not quite distinctly make out the air; he fidgeted, and on a sudden pause in the conversation, the "O-O" became audible, and Louis, to our surprise, more and more excited and ill at ease. At length, starting up and bending over our tea-table, he whispered: "You have musical neighbors—who are they? I have almost fancied I know the

song; but there is such a noise, I cannot quite make it out."

"We call our neighbor 'Angelina'; but her name is Mrs. Fordham," we replied, "and she is a most singular and industrious personage."

At that moment there was a pause in the conversation, and silence ensued; every word was audible next door. "*I'm alone in this world without you.*"

To our amazement, Louis Davidson changed color, and displayed remarkable agitation, holding up his finger to enforce silence, and when the sweet voice ceased, sinking down on his chair with a sigh as of relief, but expressing in his looks considerable embarrassment. When our guests were again engaged in talk, we drew near Louis, and touching his arm, said: "What's the matter, Louis? Are you dreaming? Has the music next door bewitched you?"

"It's very strange," he said; "I have not heard quite distinctly, but I seem to recognize the air and the words; and I dare say you will think me a great fool, but, upon my word, I could almost believe it is a song of my own composition. I seem to catch the sense—the 'O-O-O'—where your neighbor is in fault (she makes a mistake *there*), and the burden, 'I'm alone in this world without you.' But it may be my mistake, for I never gave more than three manuscript copies away: I valued my first song far too much; and how your neighbor, Mrs. Fordham, *alias* Angelina, has got hold of it, I cannot imagine."

"But to whom did you present the three copies, Louis?" we asked; "for it is evident our neighbor has a real regard for the song, or she never would devote so many hours to it as she does."

"Two copies have gone to Australia," replied Louis; "and the third I gave to the Hon. Mrs. Brewster of Brewster Court, who sings most magnificently, and does it real justice." (Oh the vanity of poets!)

"Perhaps, however, Louis, you may be mistaken, and it may *not* be your song, after all," we remarked soothingly; "you will hear better to-morrow when we are by ourselves, and quiet."

To-morrow came. "*It is my song*," said Louis decidedly. To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow—Louis was out all morning, amusing himself and paying visits, only returning to a late dinner, when in the evening

the invariable "O-O-O" greeted him from the next house. He listened with flushed cheeks and continually growing impatience, poising his finger and muttering, as if to himself: "It is very odd—I cannot account for it—how could this person come by my song? There's no mistaking it, for there's a peculiar turn I alone am competent to teach; and, upon my honor, this Madam Fordham sings it very well, whoever she is, except when she comes to the 'O-O-O,' and then there is a mistake, which I could soon rectify. I declare, if this neighbor of yours, this Mrs. Fordham, goes on like this, I shall be impelled to rush in next door, and offer to give her a lesson in my own production. I must know better than any one else how it *ought* to be sung."

We were greatly amused by this threat, little thinking our young relative would really carry it into effect; but whether it was that Louis Davidson's nerves were disorganized as ours had been, or that he was mysteriously impelled to the bold act, certain it is he became so worked upon as to be unable to endure the incessant "O-O-O," and to hear his song warbled with a mistake in the most critical part. So, one evening, when our tea-table was cleared, and Angelina was "O-O-ing" as usual, Louis suddenly signified his intention of ringing at the bell next door, and informing the musician that the song she was so industriously practising was *his* composition; politely requesting, at the same time, to be allowed to set her right in one or two small particulars of erroneous execution relating to its burden. He was not to be dissuaded; and afterwards he confided to us that he never could account for the obstinate determination that led him to disregard the conventional forms of society by introducing himself in so rash and impertinent a manner to a stranger lady. However, lashed into frenzy, in he rushed next door. We heard the piano suddenly cease, and the sweet voice become mute; then, after a while, we could distinguish a sort of music-lesson given, Louis himself playing, and our neighbor's voice accompanying the piano. It was the much-dreaded "O-O," which now, for pathos and sweetness, deserved to become a popular melody. Then music and singing were succeeded by voices in cheerful conversation, interspersed at times with a merry, ringing laugh, which was not the guffaw of Louis

Davidson, but issued, we were sure, from the same pair of lungs as those which produced the daily warblings of "O-O-O."

Hours glided on, and it was very late when Louis returned from his impertinent visit; he was in a state of great excitement, rushing up to us at the fireside, and exclaiming: "Isn't it strange, isn't it wonderful; who do you think is your next-door neighbor?"

We declared it was impossible to conjecture, as of course it was; whereupon Louis, becoming more and more energetic, his countenance beaming with delight, and his blue eyes sparkling with laughter (he had enjoyed the *dénouement* immensely), exclaimed:—

"Why, it's Fanny Mamford herself, and she's just as kind and as nice a creature as ever she was."

"And who in the world is Fanny Mamford?" we inquired with amazement. "We never heard of such a person before."

"Never heard of Fanny Mamford!" cried Louis in surprise. "Why, she was a companion of my poor dear mother's when we lived at the Grange"—here his voice became subdued, for he never liked alluding to the past—"and she stayed with my mother longer than any of her other companions; but my mother at last complained that Fanny did not attend to her punctuation in reading aloud; so Miss Mamford was dismissed. But she used to copy all my music for me, for although in those days Fanny could not play or sing, she was a rare hand at copying."

Here Louis paused, and we then asked how it was that Miss Mamford had assumed the style of "Mrs. Fordham," and was living alone in a villa.

"Oh, I forgot," he replied, looking rather sheepish, "that you don't know all about her" *he* didn't, when he rushed in next door.

"After Fanny left my mother, she married a rich old distiller, and became a widow in less than a year. She's got a good fortune now, and amuses herself by learning to sing and play, in order, as she says, to keep up her spirits; and she's such a taste and love for it, that she'll be a fine musician soon."

"But, Louis," we urged, "if Mrs. Fordham has a fine fortune, why does she live in a small suburban house, with only one domestic?"

"She's a good creature," quoth Louis, and with emotion, "as she always was, and as I told my mother. Don't you remember, she was the only child of John Mamford, who

brought so many people to ruin by his 'great bankruptcy,' as it was called? Well, Miss Mamford—I beg her pardon, Mrs. Fordham—is paying off some of her father's most distressing liabilities; and she won't be free of them for the next two or three years, so she lives in great economy, and diverts her mind as she best can."

"But about the song, Louis; the 'O-O-O!' What induces her to give up all her time to attain perfection in *that*?" we asked maliciously.

With some asperity, Louis replied: "I told you she learned music for recreation."

"And 'O-O-O, I'm alone in the world without you,' for *association*," remarked we; on which his good-humor returned, though he blushed quite boyishly, and said:—

"She copied it for me long ago; and admiring the song, wished to learn it. Also having much spare time, the idea struck her of purchasing a good piano, and setting to work."

"Well, my dear Louis," returned we, "you have now an opportunity of improving the lady by teaching her yourself how the song ought to be sung. We have always remarked that she regularly breaks down at the 'O-O-O.' We hear her too well."

"She doesn't know that," replied Louis, quite snappishly, "or *she* never would have annoyed you, or any one else, for Fanny is the best creature in the world. She never hears *you* move or speak, so can form no idea that such mere lath-and-plaster partition divides you. But go and see her, and tell her yourself how she disturbs you; for though she wishes to live very quietly, I'm sure she'll be glad to see *you*."

And we did call on Mrs. Fordham, and found her, as Louis Davidson insinuated, the "best creature in the world." It was astonishing how the "O-O-O" progressed under the tuition of the composer, for he became most regular in giving his music-lessons next door, though we generally observed conversation took up the greatest portion of the evening visit.

At length the burden of the song floated distinctly sweet through the dividing-walls; and we fancied there was a peculiarly tender intonation in the avowal, "I'm alone in this world without you."

It was *not* fancy. The amiable widow did sing the words of Louis Davidson's song with peculiar and touching *empressment*, and now she has bestowed herself and her fortune on Louis, and they are to be married next Thursday. They mean to live cheaply on the continent for a few years, until Fanny has performed her "duty," as she says; and where, Louis says, "Fanny may be perfected in music, for which she has such wonderful talent." He also means to compose another song, the title of which is to be, "In this world I am happy *with* you."

Fanny always blushes and looks foolish when we ask her about the manuscript song she copied for Louis, and the difficult "O-O-O;" but we heartily congratulate him on his happy fortune, and on the chance—if "chance" there be—which brought him on a visit to us, when we stuffed cotton wool into our ears, in order to deaden the sounds of music next door.

HER MAJESTY'S SPEECH.

I AM grieved, my dear Lords, and dear Gentlemen too,

To state, as I now most reluctantly do,
That poor Malmesbury there (though I'm sure
he's had due rope)

Has failed in suspending the conflict in Europe.

The French and Sardinians have joined in alliance,

And bid Francis Joseph the fiercest defiance;
All parties declare that they're friendly to me,
So I shall be neutral, till—well, we shall see.

I have faith in that pledge and that promise of peace,

And, therefore, my navy I'm begged to increase;

Ready votes of supplies I perceive on your lips,
And I know you will help me in manning my ships.

King Francis informs me his father is dead,
And that he is the Sovereign of Naples instead.
I've renewed the relations (he *may* turn out well)
Which I broke with the wretch who is now—in his shell.

If you think, while preparing for probable storm,
You have time to attend to the thing called Reform,

Why, do; but if not, make no needless delay;
The affair should be settled and out of the way.
Punch.

THE BROOK.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

BUT yesterday this brook was bright,
And tranquil as the clear moonlight,
That woos the palms on Orient shores;
But now a hoarse, dark stream it pours.
Impetuous o'er its bed of rock,
And, almost with a thunder-shock,
Boils into currents fierce and fleet,
That dash the white foam round our feet—
A raging whirl of waters rent
As if with angry discontent.

A tempest in the night swept by,
Born of a murk and fiery sky,
And while the solid woodlands shook,
It wreaked its fury on the brook.
The evil genius of the blast
Within its quiet bosom passed,
And therefore is it that a tide
Which used as lovingly to glide,
As thoughts through spirits sanctified,
Shows now a whirl of waters rent
As if with angry discontent.

I knew of late a creature bright
And gentle as the clear moonlight,
The tenderest and the kindest heart
God ever sent a loving part
To act on earth—across whose life
A sudden passion swept in strife,
With wild unhallowed forces rife—
It stirred her nature's inmost deep
That nevermore shall rest or sleep;
Remorse its rugged bed of rock,
O'er which for aye with thunder shock,
The tides of feeling, fierce and fleet,
Are dashed to foam or icy sleet,
A raging whirl of waters, rent
By something worse than discontent.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

ORIGINALLY printed in 1569-70 in ballad form, on a broadside in black letter.

"Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song;
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.

Still I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold—
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

"If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true as touch;
Love me little, more than such
For I fear the end.

I am with little well content,
And a little from thee sent,
Is enough, with true intent,
To be steadfast friend.

Love me little, love me long, etc.

"Say thou lov'st me while thou live,
I to thee my love will give,

Never dreaming to deceive

While that life endures:
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
As now, when in my May of youth,
This my love assures,
Love me little, love me long, etc.

"Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persevere;
Give me that, with true endeavor
I will it restore.

A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers; that for me,
For the land, or for the sea,
Lasting evermore.
Love me little, love me long, etc.

"Winter's cold, or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempest on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel.

Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain;
So to thee farewell.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

THE BABY.

ANOTHER little wave
Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save,
Amid the toil and strife.

Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet,
The narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands,
To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes;
Another little will.

Another heart to love,
Receiving love again;
And so the baby came,
A thing of joy and pain.

—*Providence Journal*.

TO THE WIND.

WITH fearful voice, he rushes down our street,
Making the signs creek horribly. At night
(When peace should reign), he mostly doth de-
light

Upon the window-panes strange tunes to beat;
I've lain abed and fancied restless feet
Were dancing on the staircase, sounds so wild
Created he for wonder-loving child,
In whose fresh soul fine awe and fear did meet.
His wallings oftentimes so plaintive seemed,
I gave him human passions, and felt sad
For that deep mourner who beneath the shade
Of pitying Night his soul's keen anguish nimbly
In language suited to the troubled hour,
When bells were trembling in the crazy tower.
—*Chambers's Journal*. J. E.

MORNING broke with a thick fog, highly favorable to those who meditated such an undertaking as that of Bosville and his friend. Notwithstanding the license and immorality which pervaded the Court, and which the so-called laws of honor scarce restrained within the bounds of common decency, Charles, in a fit of conscientiousness, had issued a most stringent order against the practice of duelling, and had threatened to inflict the punishment of mutilation by the loss of the right hand on any who should be found bold enough to transgress in this point—nay, under aggravated circumstances the penalty of death was to be exacted from the principals in the transaction. Such a state of things was not calculated to inspire with confidence the anxious belligerent who found himself thus hemmed in by a variety of evils, of which it was scarcely possible for him to decide on choosing the least. The alternative of being scouted for a coward or run through an empty stomach in the early morning, is sufficiently unpleasant, without the further aggravation of a gallows in perspective, should superior “cunning of fence” or strength of body enable the successful combatant to turn the tables on his adversary; and it is no wonder that Bosville wrapped himself in his cloak with a chill consciousness that the misty autumnal morning was more than usually raw and lowering, and a sort of dismal foreboding that the tufts of wet grass beneath his feet, saturated with the night dews, might prove a very cold and uncomfortable resting-place after some half a dozen passes with the keenest rapier in the Royal army.

Perhaps it may have been reflections such as these which caused the young officer to hum a loyal air, expressive of great devotion to his Majesty, a trifle louder than common, and to reply to his companion's eager inquiries with a little more than his usual gaiety and carelessness, though to do him justice every note was in tune, and his manner though excited, was as courteous and kindly as ever. Mist or sunshine, up or down, in his stirrups on the good sorrel, or on his back amongst the wet grass, there was no *white feather* about Humphrey Bosville.

He and Effingham were first upon the ground. It was a secluded spot at all times, and in a fog impervious at a hundred yards,

offered every appearance of uninterrupted secrecy. A meadow some two acres square, surrounded by a high black-thorn hedge not yet denuded of its leaves by the early frosts, and teeming with hips and haws and huge ripe blackberries, overshadowed moreover by a deep close copse of hazels, in which the nuts were ripening and the birds fluttering, and the quiet hares stealing about to crop the rank wet herbage, was no likely place for intruders at that early hour. A flat surface of thick, smooth turf afforded an excellent foothold for the combatants, and a distant farmhouse, from which, although its buildings were themselves unseen, the lowing of cows, the cackling of fowls, and other bucolic sounds were distinctly audible, promised shelter and assistance in the event of fatal consequences to the lawless *rencontre*. The two Cavaliers looked about them, wrapped themselves closer in their cloaks, and walked to and fro, making foot tracks in the wet grass to keep themselves warm.

“I like a short blade best, after all,” quoth George Effingham, after a few minutes of deep cogitation, during which he had been perfectly silent, and his principal had hummed the same bars of his song over and over again. “I like a short blade best against a delicate fighter. You must force Goring to close quarters, Humphrey, as soon as you can.”

“A short blade on foot, a long one on horseback,” answered his friend sententiously, and then relapsed into a profound silence. It was evident there was something on the minds of both, foreign to the question of carte and tierce, and thrust and parry, and all the jargon of polite murder.

“Not here yet,” observed Effingham once more, peering through the fog on the look-out for the enemy. “Zounds, Humphrey, I must speak out, lad! Thou and I are no two raw fledglings to keep up an affectation of courage by pretending to ignore the presence of danger. Young as thou art I have seen thee tried, and I know thy mettle, man—aye, as well as I know my own sword. ’Twas but yesterday, so to speak, we held the old farmhouse against Ireton's pikes, and we've had many a ride together after Waller before our last affair at Newbury. Look ye here, lad, Goring's a good blade. He's always in prac-

time, and as he got a trick of turning his wrist down and coming in here just under your elbow that has put many a tall fellow on the grass. You may get it in a queer place, Humphrey—mind, I don't say you will. Is there any thing I can do for you, lad, any last word I can carry, if you should go back feet foremost into Oxford?"

Bosville's face brightened considerably. He pressed his friend's hand as he replied,

"I have been thinking of it all the morning, George, but it wasn't for me, you know, to begin on such a subject. I don't mind running my chance any more than my neighbors; and somehow, though my life has become dearer to me in the last twenty-four hours than it ever was before, yet I feel as if I could lose it contentedly and happily too. There is one favor you can do me, George, and that I would entrust to no man alive but yourself; one that I would only entrust to you at a moment like the present. George, I can depend upon you, I know. Give me your hand again."

Effingham shook him cordially by the hand. "Name it," he said; "if I'm alive I'll fulfil it for you."

"Tis but a few words, a short message to deliver," replied Bosville, with a smile that softened his whole face. "If I fall, and *only* if I fall, seek out a lady in the Court—you have never seen her, but you know her by name—it is—it is Mistress Mary Cave" (he blushed and hesitated when he mentioned her name); "give her a glove you will find in my doublet, and tell her that I could not as a gentleman avoid this foolish quarrel, and that I regretted it chiefly because I had wished to devote my life wholly and exclusively to my Sovereign. Tell her I have not forgotten what she said to me; that I repeated with my last breath, 'Loyalty before all!' And now, my dear Effingham, promise me that you will not fight if you can help it. It is a foolish custom, and leads to no good that the seconds should be involved in the quarrel of their principals. Do me this favor,—promise me this, quick!—here they come."

Even while he spoke two Cavaliers, cloaked and wrapped up like Humphrey and Effingham, loomed through the fog as they surmounted the stile which gave them admittance at one angle of the orchard. They were talking and laughing loudly. It seemed they had neither regard for consequences nor fear

of detection. It was the fashion of the day to affect a haughty carelessness of bloodshed, and to look upon a duel as a pleasant opportunity for the interchange of lively sallies and jocose remarks.

Indeed, until the late Royal edict it had been the practice for each of the original combatants to appear upon the ground attended by two, three, sometimes even as many as four assistants, chosen as a mark of the deepest respect amongst his own intimate friends. As these gentlemen esteemed it a high point of honor and an unspeakable privilege to engage their points with each other on their own accounts, and totally irrespective of the quarrel of their principals, it would sometimes happen that ten couples of reasoning beings, hitherto constant associates and sworn friends, would be doing battle to the death upon such weighty question of dispute as the length of a lady's eyelashes or the color of her breast-knots. Now, however, the threats of death and mutilation issued from the Council, and which extended to all concerned in a duel, whether principals or witnesses, had somewhat damped the ardor of the Royalists for this particular amusement, and Goring had considered himself sufficiently befriended by the single presence of his worthless associate, wicked Tom Lunsford, on whose arm he leaned heavily as he approached the ground, limping along with an affectation of more than his usual lameness, probably with the view of enhancing his adversary's astonishment at the activity which he would too surely display when stripped and with steel in his hand.

He doffed his hat till its plume swept the grass, with a bow of supreme courtesy to his antagonist, who returned the salute with equally studied politeness; it being scrupulously exacted by the laws of arms that the duellist should assume an attitude of the most deferential humility towards the individual whose blood he proposed to shed, whilst to all else on the ground it was considered good taste to behave with boisterous cordiality bordering upon the jocose. Goring, too, was in the best of humors, for in addition to the natural gratification which he derived from all scenes of this kind, he had passed the two or three previous hours much to his own satisfaction in imbibing burnt canary, and as it was too late to go to bed, in sipping a quiet main or two with his second, which resulted,

as usual, in his winning largely. True, Tom Lunsford would never pay him; but still there was the prestige of success, and he now proposed himself the pleasure of running Bosville gracefully through the body, as an appropriate wind-up to his night's amusement and preparation for his day's duties and interview on business with the King.

"I fear we have kept you waiting, Captain Effingham," he remarked, with a cordial greeting to that gentleman, for Goring knew every officer in his division, and his private pursuits and habits, better than those who only observed the surface of the general's character would have supposed. "My lameness must be my excuse, though Tom and I have hurried hither as fast as we could. Lunsford, let me present to you Captain George Effingham, with whom, if you mean to try any of your cursed Puritan tricks, you will meet with your match, for he has been with the crop-ears later than yourself."

Effingham started and colored violently; his last night's visit was then known—and to Goring! What if he should be denounced, seized, examined as a traitor? perhaps lose his life without striking another blow on either side. For a moment he forgot the duel and all about it. The image of Caryl and his martyr-friend rose upon his mind. What would those good men think of him now—what was he even now about to do? Nevertheless, habit, as it always is, was too strong for conscience: he manned himself with an effort, returned Goring's malicious leer with a haughty though respectful stare, and saluted Sir Thomas Lunsford with the punctilious politeness due to one whose sword-point might probably that morning be at his throat. The latter, with a facetious remark anent the coldness of the weather, and a wish, expressed with much unction, for a cup of burnt sack, produced a small piece of tape from beneath his cloak, and proceeded to measure with it the swords of the combatants. "Right to a barleycorn," remarked the Cavalier, returning to each the rapier he had borrowed of him with a courteous bow. "The morning is too raw to waste your time in any further preliminaries, therefore, gentlemen, if you please, we will strip and get to work at once."

"Hold," interrupted Effingham, as the duellists stripped to their doublets and hose, first baring their breasts to show that no unfair defences, no secret coat of mail or proof

cuirass lurked beneath their garments, took up their positions with watchful, eager eyes and bare quivering blades, and an ugly smile on each man's countenance, paler than its wont, though each was brave, and wearing the peculiar set look that may be seen any day on the human face, aye, even in a common street fight, when man is fairly pitted against man. "Hold, gentlemen; this duel is not to the death. Sir Thomas Lunsford, by your leave we will draw and stand across our men; at the first flesh wound we can then strike their swords up, and proclaim satisfaction given and received." As he spoke the two principals lowered their points, but etiquette forbade that either should speak a word: strictly, they ought to have appeared totally unconscious that any remark had been made, but although their ground was taken they had not yet crossed swords and the duel had not begun.

Lunsford laughed loudly as he replied, "Hardly, Captain Effingham, and think what cold work it would be for you and me standing to look on. Besides sir," he added, in a graver voice, "consider the provocation, a blow struck and not returned! Really, captain, your notions of honor must have been somewhat tarnished amongst your Puritan friends, when you can talk of bringing out four Cavaliers such a long walk on such a damp morning for the mere child's-play you describe. No, sir, we decline any thing but the last satisfaction. Be good enough to waste no more time about it, but place your man and begin!"

"Their blood be on their own head!" muttered Effingham, as he advanced to Bosville once more, and squeezing his hand, placed him on the exact spot which the laws of the duello marked out for him, then casting his cloak and plumed hat upon the ground, drawing his trusty rapier and taking up his own position "on guard" exactly six paces—the prescribed distance—on the right of his friend, he called upon Lunsford to do likewise, reminding him that "when a duel is to be fought out to the death, it is incumbent on the seconds to mark their sense of the gravity of the business by engaging themselves," and adding, with peculiar courtesy, "I hope Sir Thomas Lunsford will not disappoint me of a lesson in fencing from the best blade now in Oxford."

"At your service, sir," replied Sir Thomas

Lunsford, who could scarcely refuse to accept so rational an invitation, but whose secret inclinations for a "pass or two" were but little stimulated by George's square muscular figure, easy attitude of practised swordsmanship, and dark determined face, on which a remarkably dangerous look was gathering about the brows. As he spoke he also drew, and placed himself in position, and the four men crossed their thirsty blades at the same moment, with the same terrible expression; the family likeness inherited from Cain coming out fierce and ghastly on each forbidding face.

Humphrey Bosville was a young, active man, a complete swordsman, and of a bold determined nature, but he was no match for his antagonist, who to the confirmed strength of mature manhood added the ready facility of incessant practice and the immovable calmness peculiar to his own cold vigilant nature. Man of pleasure, drunkard, debauchee as he was, Goring's passions, however strongly they might be agitated, worked below the surface: nothing ever seemed to shake his nerve or discompose his equanimity. Even now, fighting to the death, an exasperated enemy in his front and a glittering small-sword thirsting for his blood within a few inches of the laced bosom of his shirt, his eye was as steady, his color was unvarying, his whole demeanor as cool and insolent, as though he had been standing in the presence-chamber or sitting at the council. In this he had a great advantage over his adversary, who, with all the excitable feelings of youth, became less and less wary as he warmed to his work, and once or twice laid himself open to a thrust that might have put an end to the combat by inflicting on him a pretty smart flesh-wound, such as should incapacitate him from again holding a sword for awhile. This, however, was not Goring's object. In a conversation with his second on their way to the ground, he had laid a bet of ten gold pieces that he would run his antagonist through the body without himself receiving a scratch, and he had made up his mind to do so by bringing into play a thrust in tierce for which he was celebrated, and which if unskillfully parried was a certainty. This deadly manœuvre, however, to be successfully carried out demanded a very exact measurement of space, so, while Humphrey attacked fiercely again and again with all the impetuous ardor of his disposition, the more practised duellist

lunged and parried and returned and traversed here and there, and drew his man inch by inch within the fatal distance.

In the mean time, Sir Thomas Lunsford and George Effingham, exchanged, to use the language of the day, "a friendly pass or two to fill up the time," were sufficiently engaged with their own struggle to have but little observation to spare for their principals. The knight however, weakened by his excesses, and of feebleness more than his antagonist, soon found himself a mere child in the hands of so powerful a fighter as the Cavalier captain. Twice he tried the *ruse* he had learned amongst the Puritans, and each time he found himself foiled by the iron arm and wrist opposed to him; twice he was driven from his ground, and only regained it by making in turn a furious attack, which left him each time more faint and breathless than before. Wicked Tom Lunsford thought his hour was come: and so it would have come indeed had Effingham been such another as himself; but George's heart, though he knew it not, was softened by his last night's company and conversation. Amidst the struggles of conscience had arisen a strange, awful sense of responsibility; and even in the heat and hurry of the assault something seemed to whisper, "Shall this man's blood too be on thy head?" So he contented himself with forcing his adversary to a disadvantage, and then rapidly disarming him by sheer superiority of strength.

As Lunsford's sword flew several paces from his hand, a heavy fall and a deep groan withdrew Effingham's attention from his own helpless enemy. Bosville was down at full length upon the wet grass, and Goring was wiping his bloody rapier carefully upon his glove ere he returned it to its sheath.

It was no time for punctilious courtesy. The accursed thrust had done its duty well. Humphrey's face was deadly pale; there were livid circles round his eyes, and the dark blood was welling up from his chest and saturating the white front of his delicate Flanders shirt. George's heart stopped beating as he knelt over his comrade to examine the wound. Even Goring was touched; and the man who had inflicted the injury—the man who but one short minute ago had hate burning in his eye and murder lurking in his heart—would have given his best horse, little as he valued human life, that he had left the deed undone.

"Take care of him, Tom," said he, wrapping his cloak round him as he prepared to return to Oxford by another route, the only precaution he thought it necessary to take against discovery, "and mind, you owe me ten gold pieces fairly won. D—it, I wish I hadn't, too," he added, as he strode away; "he was a fine bold lad, and the prettiest horseman I had in my whole division."

Lunsford and Effingham, now fast friends, lifted poor Humphrey between them, and obtaining assistance at the farmhouse, bore him back with them to Oxford. As they entered the old city, morning service had but just concluded, and the bells were ushering in the day with a holy, peaceful chime. And yet what a day's work had these men already finished! what a host of evil passions had they called

up only to be allayed 'with blood! and now the blood was spilt, were the passions raging one whit less fiercely than before? Would not fresh provocation produce fresh crime, and so on *ad infinitum*? Sin seems to be like hunger and thirst, repentance but the lassitude of repletion; anon we hunger and thirst again, and eat and drink our fill once more—only this once more—and then we are sorry for it, and promise faithfully this transgression shall be the last—till the next time—and so *audax omnia perpeti, gens humana ruit*; and knowing this, we, who are never weary of requiring forgiveness, can refuse to forgive each other. Oh, man! man! created but a "little lower than the angels," how much higher wouldst thou be than the devils, if left to perish helpless by thyself?

CHAPTER XV. — CROSS-PURPOSES.

SIR GILES ALLONBY, whistling cheerfully as he emerged from his lodgings to commence the military duties of his day, was no less horrified than astonished at the first sight that met his eyes in the street. A limp, helpless body, from which the life seemed to be ebbing rapidly away, covered with a dark cloak, was being borne upon a rude litter, formed hastily of a couple of hurdles and a hedgestake or two, by four stout rustics, whom Sir Thomas Lunsford, with many oaths and entreaties, was adjuring to move as easily as possible to their burthen. Effingham, with a laced handkerchief in his hand, was wiping the froth from the lips of the sufferer, and the countenance of each Cavalier was darkened with an expression of ominous foreboding as to the result. Sir Giles, who expected to encounter nothing more alarming at that early hour than a tumbril of ammunition, a wagon-load of rations, or a drunken trooper deserving of the guard-room returning from his night's debauch, was fairly startled out of his self-command by the ghastly procession. "Zounds, Tom," said he, laying his hand upon Lunsford's arm, "what mischief have you been at already since daybreak? This is some of your accursed tilting-work, I'll be sworn. Your staccatos and passados, and cursed Italian tricks of fence, that leave a good backwordsmen as helpless as a salmon on a gravel-walk. Who is it now that your quips and your punctilios, and your feints and your ins-and-outs, have placed heels uppermost, when the King sadly lacks soldiers, and

every man's life is due to his sovereign? Who is it? Tell me, man, before I turn the guard out, and bring ye all up before the Council, who will take such order with ye that ye shall never so much as handle a riding-wand again!"

Lunsford with all his impudence, was fairly browbeaten by the old man's vehemence. "Hold, Sir Giles," he gasped out, quite humbly. "The fight was a fair fight, and Captain Bosville brought it on himself. There is life in him still, Sir Giles, and leech-craft may bring him round yet. What, man, 'tis but a hole in his doublet, after all, and the fight was a fair fight, and fought with proper witnesses; ask Captain Effingham, if 'twas not."

"Bosville!" exclaimed old Sir Giles, the tears filling fast in his keen, blue eyes, though with the instinctive repugnance of a good heart to a bad one, he turned from Lunsford, and dashed them away with the back of his hand. "Bosville; the best lad in the whole royal army. The bravest, the kindest, the cheeriest." Here the old man's voice faltered, and he was forced, as it were, to bully himself into composure again. "Had it been ranting Will Searthe, now, or fierce Nick Crispe, or thyself, Tom, who art never out of mischief save when the rest of us are fighting, I had said never a word. But Bosville," he muttered under his breath, "Bosville was worth a thousand of ye all. Within there," he cried, raising his voice, and turning back toward his own door. "Grace! Mary! make

ready the tapestry chamber. He lies nowhere but here. Steady there, men; bear him gently up the steps. Do you, sir," to Effingham, "run for a surgeon, one practises at yonder shop, where you see the pole. Sound a gallop, sir, and hasten, for your life. My service to you, Sir Thomas Lunsford; if this turns out badly it will be a black day for some of ye when Prince Rupert comes to hear of it, or my name's not Giles Allonby!"

As he spoke, the old Cavalier officer busied himself in removing the cloak from Bosville's helpless form, and assisted in bearing him up the steps, and into his own house, where his servants relieved the rustics from their burden. Those philosophers having been dismissed with a handsome gratuity, returned to their original obscurity, enlivened as long as the money lasted by a strenuous course of tippling, and many a revised version of the adventure in which they had been engaged; whilst Humphrey, now for the first time exhibiting signs of returning consciousness, was carefully conveyed to the tapestried chamber, and there laid under a magnificent canopy, adorned with ominously funereal feathers, on a huge, state bed.

As they bore him upstairs, a pale, scared face was seen looking over the banisters, belonging to no less important a person than Faith herself, the conscious cause of all this disturbance and bloodshed. Breathless and trembling, she rushed instinctively to Mary Cave's chamber, to bid her, as the bolder of the two, break the sad news to Grace Allonby; but Mary had not returned from her early service about the person of the Queen, to whom she was again attached, and Faith, beside herself with mingled feelings of terror, pity, and remorse, was fain to seek her own pallet, and bury her face in the pillow in a fit of hysterical weeping, affording but little relief to her own agitation, and calculated to lead to no very decided result.

Thus it came to pass that Grace Allonby, leaving her chamber, neat, well dressed, and composed, to commence her daily duties, was met in the passage by three or four servants bearing that which to all appearance was a corpse, and although Sir Giles considerably interposed his tall person between his daughter and the ghastly burden, one glimpse which she caught was sufficient to assure her loving heart that it was Humphrey, and none but he, who lay stretched out there before her eyes.

Had Grace been a heroine of romance, she would have had two courses open to her. She might either have given vent to one piercing shriek, which should have rung in her listeners' ears till their dying day, and then, letting all her back hair down at once, have clasped both hands upon her heart, and fallen stone dead in the effort, but always with a tasteful regard to the disposition of her draperies, on the floor; or, with a lofty disdain for all feeling in such an emergency, but with a stony glare and a white statue-like face, she might have bled him herself on her own responsibility with her own bodkin, and so, seeing he had already bled nearly to the verge of the next world on his own account, have perfected the sacrifice of the man she loved, and exhibited at the same time her own presence of mind and mistaken notions of the healing art. But Grace Allonby was no heroine, only a loving, timid, trustful, young woman, so her knees knocked together, and her lips grew quite white and twitched while she spoke, but she managed to clasp her hands upon Sir Giles' shoulder, and to ask him what she wanted.

"O, father, father! he's not quite—" she could not bring herself to say the word—"he's only wounded; only wounded, father!"

And as she could not *ask* if he was dead, so she could not bring herself to *think* him dead. 'Tis always so with the young, with those who have never known sorrow. There is an elasticity about the heart that has never been broken down, which bears up and protests as it were against the possibility of despair. Who knows how often she had brooded over her love, the love she scarcely confessed even to herself in the depths of her virgin heart; how many probabilities she had calculated, and possibilities she had fancied; how many chances had occurred to her that he might not perhaps care for *her*; that he might think her too plain, though her glass gave the lie to that; or too ignorant, or too humble and foolish and girlish for such a Paladin as she imagined him; how he might be separated from her by accident or duty or her father's command, but by death—no, that had never entered her head; it could not be, she loved him so: it could *not* be. When George Effingham returned with the doctor, and the man of science, after shaking his own head and feeling his patient's pulse, and probing his wound, and otherwise putting him to

no small pain and discomfort, declared that life was still hanging by a thread, a thread, moreover, that only required great care, and his own constant skill, to become once more the silver cord which Goring's rapier had so nearly severed, she felt scarcely grateful enough for the good news, she had been so persuaded of it all along. Die! she never thought he was going to die! He would get well, of course, quite well, and she would nurse him and wait upon him: there could be no harm in that, and it would take a long time to restore him, and when he was *quite* strong again, not before, he might leave them and go back to the army, to be wounded perhaps again. All this was consolatory, no doubt; nevertheless she went to her chamber, and prayed her heart out upon her knees, weeping plentifully you may be sure, and such prayers never hurt a wounded man yet, to our thinking, nor a strong one either, for the matter of that. Happy he for whom such tears are shed, such orisons offered up!

She soon came back, with a pale steady face and red eyes, to take her place in the sick chamber, where, according to the custom of the time, she quickly established herself as nurse and watcher, and general directress of the whole establishment. There was less mock-modesty in the days of which we write than in the present; less fancied evil, less of that strange prudish virtue which jumps at once to the most improper conclusions, and which, if there be any truth in the old adage, that "to the pure all things are pure," must have some dark mental spots of its own to justify its suspicions. Though the manners of the Court were sufficiently corrupt, the great bulk of the higher classes were to the full as correct and decorous in their demeanor as those of the present time; while for true purity and kindness of heart, the charity that thinketh no evil, the generosity that forgiveth wrong, who shall say that the keen, high-minded Cavaliers, and their simple straightforward dames, had not the best of it, as compared with the framework of our own cold, conventional, and somewhat cowardly state of society? with whose members the prime moral maxim is founded, not on what you *do*, but what people *say* of you; who wink conveniently enough at the infraction of every commandment in the Decalogue, provided you are scrupulous to keep the eleventh,

which they have themselves added to it, and which says, "thou shalt not be found out!"

George Effingham, returning from the doctor's house, he having accompanied that skillful practitioner home to his surgery, with lint, bandages, divers curiously colored phials, and other munitions of the pharmacopœia, was somewhat startled to find an exceedingly fair and graceful young lady established in supreme command of the sick-room, and issuing her orders with the tact and decision of one to whom such a situation was neither new nor confusing. Indeed shrewd blows had been going now for some time between the Cavaliers and Roundheads, and Grace had already been often present at the healing of a broken head, a sabre-cut, or the dangerous orifice of a musket-ball. Therefore George, as we have said, thrusting his grim face into the half-darkened chamber, started as though at the presence of an angel of light when his eyes encountered those of the young lady, and it was with a degree of bashfulness somewhat foreign to his nature, that he assisted his new acquaintance in the disposition of the coverlets and pillows, and other arrangements for the ease of the sufferer, question and reply passing at the same time in subdued whispers, which promoted a far closer acquaintance in a short half-hour than would have sprung up under ordinary circumstances in a month.

Perhaps a woman never appears to such advantage as when tending the sick, moving gently through the room, or bending tenderly over the couch of the sufferer. George followed her about with his eyes, and wondered as he gazed. This was the sort of woman he had never seen before, or if he had, only in the conventional circles of society, never as now in her own home, that home's prime ornament and chiefest blessing. Like many another, he had not arrived at manhood without experiencing certain partialities for those of the other sex—here dazzled by a sparkling eye, there wooed by a saucy smile; but his experience had hitherto lain amongst women of a far different class and character from Grace Allonby. Phyllis was all he could wish, nay, more boisterous in her glee than accorded with George's melancholy temperament; but Phyllis must first of all have a purse of gold chucked into her lap—after that who so kind as Phyllis? Lalage, again, required constant devotion; but it must be offered at her shrine

in public for all the world to see, or it was valueless, and he who would win her smiles must be content to take them as they came, share and share alike with fifty rivals. So George's higher feelings soon revolted from free, flaunting, flirting Lalage. He had got tired of women's society altogether, had devoted himself ardently to his profession, was plunged heart and soul in the whirlpool of controversy, engaged in a struggle of conscience against habit, prejudice, loyalty, and worldly honor; and now, just at the moment when of all times in his career he had least leisure and least inclination to wear a woman's chain, burst upon him the vision of what had been his ideal all his life—a pure, high-bred, high-minded girl, simple and sincere as the veriest wild flower in the woodland, yet cultivated and refined as the most fashionable lady about the Court. Alas, poor George Effingham! It was in short and broken whispers that he explained to her the origin of the duel which had terminated so seriously. For once George found himself quite eloquent as he defended his friend, and threw all the blame of the affair on the aggressor. "It was your maid, as I understand, Mistress Grace, who was so shamefully insulted by Goring, and Humphrey could not do otherwise, as a man of honor and a gentleman, than interpose in her behalf. Had it been any other swordsman in the army we should have had the best of it; but I knew from the first that trick in tierce of the General's would be too much for the young one. You see he fainted twice, doubled, disengaged, and then came in under the arm—thus. Pardon me, madam," said George, interrupting himself as he caught the bewildered expression of his listener's countenance, and half laughing that his own clumsy enthusiasm should have betrayed him into a disquisition on swordsmanship with a young lady. "Pardon me, you cannot be interested in such details, but indeed it was no fault of Humphrey's that he was led into this embroilment. He was always a chivalrous lad, and a gallant, and one who would face any odds to defend the weak against the strong." And then he went on to tell her how the young soldier now stretched out so pale and helpless on that bed, had saved the child in a deadly cross fire at the attack of a small redoubt in Flanders, and had held the back door of the farmhouse in Wiltshire so gallantly with his single rapier against

half a score of Ireton's pikes; and how he had given quarter to the tall corporal that thrust at him from behind after he had taken him prisoner at Kineton; and sundry other anecdotes illustrative of Humphrey's chivalry, and Humphrey's tender heart.

Grace listened with clasped hands and streaming eyes. "I was *sure* it could not be his fault," she said; and equally *sure* she would have been, doubtless, had all the witnesses sworn and all the juries in England found the reverse. Will any amount of proof destroy a woman's faith in the man she has once taken into her heart? On the contrary, it seems that the worse he behaves the closer she huddles him up and hides him there, and defies all truth and reason to make her think ill of her nestling. Verily he who has a place in that *sanctum* should strive to bear himself worthily of such unbounded faith and constancy. "I was *sure* it could not be his fault," she repeated, and removed the locks that had fallen across his brow, and propped the cushion under his shoulders with such a tender caressing hand that rough George Effingham turned his head away to hide his emotion; yet there was a strange feeling as of pain creeping about *his* heart too.

So they watched him silently a little longer, and presently he stirred and groaned and moved as if he would fain turn upon his couch, but the bandages prevented him, and the restraint seemed to arouse him, for he opened his eyes languidly, looked around as though in search of some one who was missing, and muttered a few indistinct words, of which his listeners only caught the sounds "Mary—loyalty—Mary," and then groaned once more and his eyes closed, and poor Grace, becoming more and more painfully alive to his danger, thought for a moment that he was gone. It was not so, however. A potion had been left by the surgeon to be given the instant the patient should show signs of vitality, and the two strangely assorted nurses administered it to the best of their abilities, and again sat silently down in the darkened chamber to watch his slumbers and await his waking, for on that waking, so said the leech, would hang the issues of life and death.

They might not speak now even in whispers, for such a slumber was on no account to be broken. Sir Giles, with a discretion that did him credit, had allowed no rumors of the *rencontre* to get about, dreading the disturb-

ance visitors might occasion at his house. Mary, in fulfilment of her duties about the Queen, was ignorant that the man who had sworn fealty to her only the night before, whose devotion conjured up the vision of her dear face even on the confines of life and death, was lying within a few hundred paces, helpless, wounded, in the extremity of danger, and worked on in happy unconsciousness at her embroidery, receiving and returning the empty compliments of the flippant courtiers with her usual readiness and composure. Truth to tell, Mary had thought but little about him since the morning. So the house was quiet, and the dark sick room silent as the grave, and the two watchers sat busied with their own thoughts. George Effingham, scanning his fair companion with an ever-increasing interest, and she sitting with averted face and drooping head, buried deep in thought or mayhap in prayer. Had she heard those few muttered words? could she interpret their meaning? had they caused that quiet look of suffering which contracted her gentle features? And yet to have had him safe she would have given him up willingly, nay thankfully, and her tears flowed afresh at the thought; so, woman-like, she waited and wept and watched. It was evening ere he woke, the crisis was past, and he was saved. Saved! she could scarcely demonstrate her gratitude sufficiently. With what a pleasant smile she gave George both her pretty hands, and shook his own large ones so kindly and cordially and thankfully. How she played about Sir Giles with childlike glee, and dispatched the servants here and there in search of every comfort and luxury that could be wanted during the next month, and tripped up and down stairs in person after every thing she had ordered, and finally flung herself into Mary Cave's arms, and burst out weeping yet again, vowing "she was so happy—so happy! she had never been so happy in her life before." Deep and anxious thoughts had made their home too in the breast of that composed and dignified lady. From the moment of her return, when she had been informed of Humphrey's danger, she too had watched anxiously for the issues of life and death, had felt more than pity, more than interest, for the gallant warm-hearted youth who had given himself up to her with such devotion and self-abandonment. She had crept to the chamber-door, had listened to the heavy breathing of

the sleeper, had trembled from head to foot for the result of his awakening, and when the moment of relief at length arrived, had sent back the tears that longed to burst forth with an effort of which she alone was capable. Stately and unmoved she came to look at him once where he lay: his eye brightened as it met hers, and, weak as he was, he strove to take her hand. He went to sleep again quite quietly after that, happy and peaceful, like a child.

George Effingham, going back to his quarters loaded with the thanks and gratitude of the whole household, crossed the street to look up at a certain window, where a dim light seen through the curtain marked where his sick comrade lay, and a figure flitting across it ever and anon showed that the wounded man did not lie there uncared for. George must have been much attached to his brother officer, and much concerned for the care in which he left him, to judge by the deep sigh which he heaved, as after a good five minutes' watching he turned away and strode off to his own lodging.

A good constitution, unimpaired by too much claret, and over which not more than five-and-twenty summers have shed their roses and their thorns, soon recovers even from such an awkward injury as a thrust through the regions about the lungs, and the patient in such cases usually finds his relish and appetite for life enhanced in proportion to the narrow risk he has run of losing it. A fortnight had scarcely elapsed from the period of Humphrey's duel, ere he was out of bed and able to enjoy to the utmost the many comforts and pleasures of convalescence. True, all violent exercise was forbidden for a time, and the sorrel was condemned to remain idle in the stable, whilst military duty of course was for the present not to be thought of; but there are certain circumstances which can make the sofa a very pleasant exchange for the saddle, and that soldier must indeed be devoted to his profession who would not sometimes wish to find his temporary bivouac in a fair lady's withdrawing-room.

A first-floor even in Oxford, with a solemn look-out upon the massive architecture of an old grey college, enlivened ever and anon by a squadron of cavalry marching by, their trumpets sounding, their bridles and stirrups ringing, and their royal pennons flaunting on the breeze, or a party of plumed and

brocaded courtiers sweeping haughtily up the street with the same air that became their stately persons and rich dresses so well in their own beloved Mall—an easy couch drawn to the window, and surrounded by all the little comforts that lady nurses alone know how to gather round the invalid—a few late autumnal flowers scattered tastefully about the room, a low wainscoted apartment, with carved and ornamented panels, elaborate cornices, Venetian mirrors, and strange quaint corners and cupboards, and fantastic ins and outs—two beautiful women pervading the whole, and shedding, as it were, an atmosphere of refined comfort around, the one worshipped and deified as a goddess, the other loving and devoted as a nymph—a tried and well-known comrade continually dropping in with the latest accounts from the army, the freshest news from the Court—and a merry, good-humored host, never satisfied unless his wounded guest was supplied with the best of every thing, and continually devising new indulgences and luxuries on his behalf—all this combined to make Humphrey's convalescence so delightful a process that we are fain to believe the only person who experienced a slight feeling of disappointment when he made his first journey round the room, with the aid of George Effingham's strong arm and a crutch, was the restored sufferer himself, so happy had he been in his illness, so loth was he to become once more independent of the care and kindness to which he had got accustomed.

Sir Giles was frequently absent on his military duties, so the two ladies and the two young Cavalier officers were thrown almost constantly together, for George Effingham esteemed it prudent to keep as quiet as possible after the duel, and Mary Cave easily obtained leave from her good-natured mistress to devote as much time as she pleased to the amusement of the wounded hero. Any thing in the shape of sentiment found its way too surely to Henrietta's heart, and her lively imagination had already constructed a sufficiently interesting love tale out of the materials she was at no loss to gather from her gossiping courtiers. A beautiful woman, a pretty waiting-maid, a duel with Goring, and a handsome young soldier run through the body, constituted a framework on which to elaborate a romance voluminous as the *Grand Cyrus* itself. So the *quartette* sat and amused each other day by day, three of them rapidly and

steadily imbibing that delicious poison which, like the fruit gathered from the tree of knowledge, gives the first insight into the inner life, and darkens the outer one forever afterwards.

Mary alone seemed to boast immunity from the disease. She had had it, she thought, like the measles or the small-pox, and, except in a very modified form, scarce worth apprehension. She was safe from a fresh attack. How it had scarred and altered her is no matter. The visible face was still fresh and rosy and radiant, if her heart had grown prematurely old and hard and withered; the process of petrification had been painful, no doubt. Experience, however, had not blinded her, and she alone of the four companions saw clearly and judged rightly of what was going on. She said as much one afternoon over her embroidery, as they sat watching the early sunset gilding the opposite wall, plunged in a delicious day-dream, from which, even while she spoke, she felt it was cruelty to wake them. It was the very day on which Bosville had made his first tour round the room, having previously received a ceremonious visit of congratulation from his late antagonist; for Goring, as soon as he heard the wounded man was out of danger, had thought it, as he said, but common politeness to inquire after him, and had spent half an hour by his couch, during which he had made a thousand professions of regard and friendship, and rendered himself vastly agreeable to the two gentlemen. Of the ladies, Mary despised his character thoroughly, though she admired his talents; and as for Grace, if looks of scorn and hatred could kill, she would have run him through the body as he stood there upon the floor.

"Tis an idle winter," quoth Mary, bending low over her sewing, and turning her head away, for she was not insensible to the pain her words would too surely inflict; "and yet, from what Lord Goring tells us, there is still work to be done down in the west. What say you, Captain Effingham, a squadron of Cavaliers with Prince Rupert in Gloucestershire were merrier company than two quiet dames in an Oxford lodging-house?—a good horse and a *demi-pique* saddle a more health-restoring resting-place than yonder easy couch by the window?" Mary spoke quickly and uneasily, her color went and came, and she could not forbear glancing towards Hum-

phrey, whose pale cheek crimsoned immediately, and who turned on her a look of pain and reproach that well nigh brought the tears to her eyes. Grace looked scared and confused. *She* did not think her patient was well enough yet for a *demi-pique* saddle. It was any thing but an idle winter to *her*. She glanced fondly and gratefully at Effingham, and George felt his great strong heart thrill and bound with pleasure as he replied.

"We must not move him just yet, Mistress Mary. Such a wound as his might open again, and if it did all the doctors in Oxford could not save him. When he gets better he is to have a troop of 'The Lambs,'* so Hopton tells me, and then he will probably soon qualify himself for your nursing once more. As for me," added Effingham, darkly, "I doubt if I shall ever draw sword to the old war-cry again."

"You, too, have been idle long enough," replied Mary, with a piercing glance, under which George winced and lowered his eyes. "The blade will get rusty that rests in the scabbard. There are other wounds to be taken than those dealt by a pair of dark eyes, Captain Effingham, and Oxford is a bad place for you, for more reasons than one. Listen;" she drew him aside into the window, and whispered so low as not to be overheard, though Humphrey's eyes wandered uneasily after her motions. "You are too good to fight a losing battle all your days. You do not know what it is; better not learn the lesson. Take my advice, strike your tents, sound 'boots and saddles!' Go back into active, stirring life, it is your element, and forget the dream you have been dreaming already too long."

Effingham started; glanced uneasily at Grace, and replied at once:—

"My sword may rust, and welcome, Mistress Mary. It has been drawn too often already in a bad cause. Must we all think there is no duty to fulfil in life but to tilt at each other's throats? Must we all be as hot-headed, and foolhardy, and inconsiderate as that romantic boy on the sofa yonder?"

"It is a pity you are not," she replied quickly, with a glance of admiration, almost

tenderness, at the wounded youth. "Poor boy, he is one in a million, but it is of you, Captain Effingham, that I wish to speak. You are watched here in Oxford; your opinions are known. It was but last evening they talked of you in the Queen's apartments. They turned it all to jest, of course, as they do every thing; but such jests are pointed and dangerous; it is better not to be the subject of them. Take my advice, leave Oxford, keep your heart unscathed and your head upon your shoulders; another day or two and it may be too late!"

Effingham bowed and sat down again. He seemed to be revolving her counsel thoughtfully in his mind; but he gazed at Grace the while, and Grace looked anxiously at Humphrey, whose eyes wandered after Mary as she moved about the room; and so the four played on their game at cross-purposes, and derived, doubtless, some incomprehensible satisfaction from the pastime. At length the fair disturber of their peace approached the sofa once more.

"I am going into waiting to-night," she said to Bosville, with one of her sunny, winning looks. "The Queen will ask me how you are; when shall I say you will be ready for your command?"

His eye sparkled: he seemed a new man.

"In a week at farthest," said he boldly. "The day after I can get into the saddle I will be with them. Thank you for the interest you take in me—thank you for all your kindness." He seized her hand, and Grace walked away to arrange the flowers at the other end of the room. "I *will* be worthy," he whispered, the tears starting to his eyes, for he was still weak from loss of blood. "Loyalty before all."

"Loyalty before all!" she repeated in her sweet, low voice, returning the pressure of his thin, wasted fingers; and from that moment the patient was a convalescent, and on the road to a rapid recovery.

So Mary went off to dress for her courtly duties, and Effingham, with a heavy heart, took leave of his kind friends, and left the well-known room, with its many attractions, for his lonely lodging—how dreary by the contrast! and Grace, who could not bear to-night of all nights to be left alone with the patient, betook herself to her chamber, whither, as we dislike to see young ladies in tears, we will not follow her; and Humphrey,

* So called from their wearing *white* doublets. Sir John Suckling had a troop in them called the "coxcomb troop," from the splendor of their appointments. Like "the Duke's" dandies in the Peninsula these coxcombs were not found to be the last in the fray.

left alone in the darkening twilight, sank into a refreshing sleep, gilded with dreams of a pair of loving eyes, and a fair fond face, and a soft voice that whispered ever, "Loyalty before all!"

"I'm sure I don't know what's come to my young lady," observed Faith to a staid and sober personage, who now seldom left her side. "She's been and locked herself into her room again, and when I knock at the door, it's 'Presently, Faith, presently,' and I can't see through the keyhole, for she's gone and left the key in it, but by the sound of her voice I'll be sworn—that is," amended the pretty Puritan, catching herself up—"I would venture to affirm, she's been crying; and what that's for, with all she can want in the house, and the Captain out of danger—bless his handsome face and bold spirit, (though sinful)—is clean past me!"

"Women is mostly unaccountable," replied the individual addressed, writhing his grim features into the semblance of a smile. "Young ones 'specially, though I'm not sure that the middle-aged isn't the most tricksome. Perhaps they live and learn; live and learn, Mistress Faith, like their betters, but they can't be expected to be reasonable like and understanding for all that, poor things; it's a lower creation, there's no doubt it's a lower creation, and unaccountable accordingly."

It may be remarked that our friend Dymocke's philosophy, for Dymocke, we need hardly inform the reader, it was who spoke, was of a somewhat vague and misty nature, inconsequent in its arguments and inconclusive in its results, and as such he doubtless considered it adapted for the softer sex, for Dymocke, though professing, and indeed demonstrating, a great regard and affection for that division of the species, still invariably assumed the attitude of superiority which he deemed becoming the dignity of the nobler variety, and was looked up to and revered by the women accordingly. He and Faith, since the midnight recontre, and subsequent removal of Humphrey to Sir Giles Allonby's lodgings, had become inseparable, a sense of favor and protection on the one hand, accompanied by a strong partiality for a young and pretty face, and a consciousness of gratitude and inferiority, with a charitable desire for the conversion of a sinner on the other, cementing their friendship into an intimacy that every day assumed a more tender character.

There is nothing makes a woman so keen as the chance of a proselyte. It stirs up in her the chief characteristics of her organization—her natural benevolence, her religious zeal, her unaccountable delight in upsetting all pre-existing arrangements, her little spice of contradiction, and her innate love of change. It is such a pleasing excitement, and she persuades herself she is doing so much good all the time, so she converts him, or perverts him, no matter which, and when she has turned him completely round to her own way of thinking, finds herself, after all, somewhat dissatisfied with the result.

Many an argument did Faith hold with her admirer upon all the vexed questions of the day, standing, as she did now, with her mistress's garments thrown over her arm, and a lighted candle in her hand, wherewith she illumined passages, staircases, entrance halls, and such out-of-the-way places as she selected for the theatre of her discourse. Faith's strongest point had hitherto been the unlawfulness of using weapons of fleshly warfare, even in self-defence, but she had been beaten somewhat from this by the events of the last fortnight, and the gallant stand made by her protector with his oaken cudgel in her defence. Now, however, this attack of her admirer on the sex roused her to make use of her old argument, and she replied with considerable volubility and a heightened color, "Lower creature or not, Master Hugh, and unaccountable, if you please, leastways we use the weapons of sense and reason in our behalf, not ranting like you men, with your weapons out at every wry word, and a stout cudgel ready to enforce your arguments as you call them: pretty arguments, forsooth! And call yourselves reasoning creatures; get along with you, do!"

"An oak cudgel was the best argument 't'other night, Mistress Faith," replied Dymocke; "d'ye think wild Goring and his troop of roaring fly-by-nights would have listened to any other? What would you have had me do less when he lifted thy veil, the villain, and I tripped him up and laid him on his back on the pavement ere he could cry 'hold?' What wouldst thou have done thyself, lass, answer me that, if I hadn't been too quick for him, general of horse though he be?"

"I should not have offered him the other check, for sure," replied Faith, demurely; and Dymocke, taking the hint, put a period to the conversation by another of those practical rejoinders which the proverb informs us are only appropriate when the "gorse is in bloom."

From Chambers's Journal.
THE SISTERS.

It was on one of those warm, bright, still summer mornings that always seem to me to belong to the Sabbath, that I, accompanied by my sister and her husband, for the first time entered the parish church of the pretty village of Beconsfield. The appointments of the interior pleased me, and I took my seat with a calm, home-like feeling. I was much charmed with the singing, as the service proceeded, and the preacher was an earnest, eloquent man.

I am not conscious of having been inattentive to the duties of the morning, but the eyes will wander sometimes. Our pew was on the left side of the centre division; and in one on the other side of the aisle were two ladies whom, from the exceeding plainness of their dress, I set down in my own mind as sectarians. The ladies appeared young, that is, relatively—about three or four and twenty. The youngest was marked, but not at all disfigured, by the small-pox, and by the continued closed eyelids, evidently blind. She was fair, and had a pleasing expression of countenance, frequently improved by the feeling which flitted across her face. I was much interested in her. But her sister, as I presumed her to be, I could not understand, and yet her face was one of those which instantly captivate—a fair, oval, almost faultless face, with dark eyes, and plainly braided brown hair. The imperturbability, however, with which she listened to the music and the sermon surprised me. Once or twice, a color rose to her transparent cheek, but it could not have been caused by either the singing or the eloquence, for it happened at times when there was apparently nothing to excite.

My visit was to extend only to a fortnight; three days had already elapsed; and as my sister was particularly engaged on the next day, I went out for a stroll by myself, or at least only accompanied by my nephew, Master Frederick Rawlins, a fine little fellow of four or five. I had wandered through green lanes and over grassy meadows until I began to feel rather tired, and was looking at inviting stumps of trees, and green hillocks, when we suddenly came into a bye-lane, in which about a dozen cottages were clustered. Although I knew we must be near home, I looked first at one house, and then at another, purposing to

ask for a moment's rest and a glass of water, for the day was very warm.

But one door was closed; at another, a mother was scolding some children; at another, two or three boys, together with an aged man, seated in a wicker-chair, were busily talking, and as busily plaiting some colored straw—everybody plaited about that village; and so I passed on until I came to the last, and here I stood still. At the open door of the little abode, the blind young lady of the church was seated, a plain muslin cap over her fair hair, and in a dark cotton dress, rapidly plaiting some fine white straw. I was almost glad that her infirmity prevented her seeing my embarrassment; but perceiving that her quick ear had caught the sound of strange footsteps, I said aloud to my little nephew: "Perhaps, Freddy, this lady would be kind enough to let us rest for a few minutes."

"Lady!" repeated Frederick; "why, it is Miss Rebecca."

"Ah! Master Rawlins, I am glad to see you; how is mamma?" she asked, rising quickly, and taking his little hand.

"Mrs. Rawlins," I said, in as gentle a voice as possible, "is quite recovering from her little illness, and was in church yesterday."

"How glad I am to hear it. You will pardon me, but are you not a relative of Mrs. Rawlins?"

"Her sister."

"I thought so: your voices are so much alike."

During this colloquy, Freddy and I having seated ourselves, I looked, with a slight bow, at the imperturbable elder sister, who, similarly attired, was sitting at a small table at needlework. I asked her to oblige me with a glass of water; she colored, and, I thought, looked confused; but before she could have complied, the blind sister approached, and, by her fingers and gestures, explained my request. She rose instantly, and my heart sunk within me, as, with a sweet smile, and a really elegant inclination of the head, she presented the water. Could *she* be deaf? The tears started to my eyes, and my hand trembled as I took the glass. What a fatality! As I looked upon the sweet face, that now seemed to me strangely intellectual, my fatigue was gone. I drank the water, and rising, pressed the deaf lady's hand, thanked her for the moment's rest, and then turning to the

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younger sister, took one of her hands in both mine, and said, in rather a tremulous voice, that I should trouble her soon again with a visit, as her house was so pleasantly situated; and then, taking the hand of my little nephew, who was singularly silent, wended my way thoughtfully to my sister's house.

It was a day or two before I had an opportunity of questioning my sister about those afflicted sisters.

"Ah!" she said, "it is a sad story. Their father was a highly respectable solicitor, and Dr. Rawlin's father attended the family as their physician. Poor Rebecca, that is, the younger Miss Glenfield, had the small-pox when she was about twelve years of age, and the poor mother, in attending upon her, took it also. Mrs. Glenfield died; Rebecca recovered, but was blind. Mr. Glenfield, it seems, took it sadly to heart; he had loved his wife, and cared little to look upon his blind daughter. He took to speculation, and of course neglected his business. Then he was seized with the typhus fever; and poor Amelia, that is, the elder Miss Glenfield, in attending upon her father, was attacked in her turn. The father, in *this* case, died, and Miss Glenfield recovered, but to incurable deafness and absolute poverty; for when the claims upon Mr. Glenfield's estate were satisfied, the helpless girls had scarcely a shilling left."

"But had they no friends?"

"They had some relatives, and, I believe, at first were kindly treated. They have still some little annuity, and their seat in church; but I suppose nobody cared to take charge of them."

"And so these poor girls were left to God, and their own endeavors. Has Dr. Rawlins given any attention to their case?"

"O yes; he has done a good deal for Miss Glenfield, so far as health is concerned; but the deafness he considers incurable; and as to poor Rebecca, there is no hope." And thus the conversation ended.

During the remainder of my stay at Beconsfield, my visits to the sisters were neither few nor far between, scarcely a day passing on which I did not call at the little cottage in the evening, for we soon became very familiar. It was really gratifying to observe the bright smile that would lighten Rebecca's face, and the sweet intelligent welcome of Miss Glenfield's, eyes, that accorded so naturally with

the few words she spoke, as my foot crossed the threshold.

On the afternoon previous to my leaving Beconsfield, I of course went to bid adieu; but this was not my only motive. Rebecca's cheek turned pale as I took her hand, and the tears started to Miss Glenfield's eyes as she tried to smile a welcome. This was to be my last visit, and the solitary creatures had become used to my society. This time I could not stay long; so, after a little conversation about our parting, and the hope I had of our again meeting, I drew Amelia a little aside, and asked her whether she thought her sister would feel much disappointed if a doctor pronounced her deafness incurable.

"It has been already pronounced incurable," replied Rebecca quickly; "Dr. Rawlins said he could do nothing more. In fact, Miss Hill, we have dismissed every idea of the sort; yet, if she could recover her hearing even to a slight degree, what a comfort it would be, for you can't think how lonely I am, and so, of course, is she, poor thing: but then she can see."

This was a new revelation, for it had never occurred to me that Amelia's deafness was a deprivation to any but the deprived; but so it must have been, for she scarcely ever spoke except for some general or necessary purpose. During this colloquy, as I saw that Amelia was looking at us inquisitively, I requested her sister to explain my question.

"You are very kind, Miss Hill," observed Amelia, and a faint color rose to the poor girl's cheek; "but it would be folly in us to think of impossibilities: we must dree our weird."

Notwithstanding this, after my return home, I could hardly sit down till I had paid a visit to a well-known aurist, Mr. Morton of Brook Street. He was a plain-spoken, plain-looking man, rather above the middle height, and with singularly intelligent and expressive dark eyes.

He listened patiently and attentively to my statement; and in reply to the question, as to whether there was any hope:—

"It is impossible to say, ma'am," he replied slowly, and as if deliberating, "without seeing the lady. Twenty-three years of age, and has lost her hearing through fever, about four or five years ago: it is a pity I had not been consulted earlier."

"I knew nothing of the case," I replied.

"I have only become acquainted with the young lady these last two weeks; and besides, my brother-in-law, Dr. Rawlins, attended her."

"Dr. Rawlins of Beconsfield—a very clever man. But you see, Miss Rawlins, I have devoted myself exclusively to the ear—that is, to the organ of hearing; and a very interesting subject it is. I assure you, Miss Rawlins, that very many patients who have been submitted to me as incurably deaf, have had in reality no organic defect or disease at all."

As he seemed about starting a hobby, I at once resolutely asked when Miss Glenfield could see him.

"Miss Glenfield! She does not belong to the Glenfields of Beconsfield?"

"She is the late Mr. Glenfield's eldest daughter."

"Well, that is strange. Why, my brother served his articles to Mr. Glenfield: you see, he was a delicate youth, so it was thought the country would be best."

"But Mr. Glenfield is dead, and the two poor girls are left in comparative poverty."

"Dead! Ah! I remember the fever. But the other daughter—she is not deaf?"

"She is not deaf; but, by a strange fatality, she is blind."

"Blind! Poor things, poor things. Well, bring the young lady any morning you choose—that is, before twelve."

"But, sir," I replied, "Miss Glenfield resides at Beconsfield, so it will be necessary to appoint some particular morning, when we shall be happy to attend you."

"At Beconsfield! Why, I am going to Beconsfield to-morrow. Mrs. Smith of Oaks Lodge has sent for me; she is subject to deafness at her confinements. Hers is only physical weakness. But as I am called in professionally, of course I attend; and perhaps, after all, it is as well. I think your brother attends the family."

"Very likely, sir. But what about Miss Glenfield?"

"Do you give me her address. I shall have to attend Mrs. Smith for two or three weeks: it will be no trouble to me, you see; and during that time, I shall be able to ascertain whether I can do any thing for your friend."

While he was speaking, I had drawn out my card-case and pencil, and on the back of one of my own cards, had written, "Miss Glenfield, Woods Cottage, Woods Lane;"

and when he had finished speaking, presented the card and a guinea—the usual fee, I believe, of a morning visitor. He took the fee and the card, and after glancing at them, placed both in the pocket of his waistcoat, and then rising as I left my chair, he said: "I take this fee, Miss Rawlins!"—(Miss Rawlins! when he had just read as plain as the engraver could write, Miss Hill!)—"I receive this fee in testimony that I have undertaken the case; but I take no more. Whatever attendance or medicine Miss Glenfield may require, I will see to myself, and rest assured, I will spare no pains. Good-morning, Miss Rawlins;" and bowing me out, he closed the street-door.

That very morning I wrote to my sister, requesting her to apprise Miss Glenfield of the aurist's purposed visit, and, if possible, to be at Woods Cottage herself the next afternoon; and also to inform me of the result of the interview. In compliance with my request, Caroline wrote that he had come, according to promise; that he had given no decided opinion; that Miss Glenfield had borne the visit remarkably well, but that poor Rebecca had been much agitated.

Well, time passed on, Mr. Morton answering somewhat dubiously my occasional inquiries, till I received a letter from my sister, which rather surprised me; it ran thus: "DEAR LOUISA—I wish you could ascertain positively whether Mr. Morton is married or not. I have asked Frederick—to be sure, only, as it were, casually; and he thinks he is unmarried. But I want to know positively. He comes very frequently to the cottage—more frequently than I am sure a case like hers can require. It is a sad thing to be deaf; but it would be a much sadder thing to have her heart blighted—though, perhaps, it is already too late. If Mr. Morton is married, he sees Amelia no more, except at my house."

I was thunder-struck, and yet not a little amused at the idea of a young girl having her heart blighted by an eccentric surgeon more than twice her age. I determined, however, to run down at once to Beconsfield—run down as I had promised—and see the aurist and Amelia myself. But it so happened that on the next day, when I went to the station, I discovered I had made a mistake: it was the arriving train that I was in time for, the other would not depart for two hours. As I

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stood on the platform, vexed at my stupidity, and hardly knowing whether to wait or return home, I was accosted by a gentleman, whom, if I had not been addressed as "Miss Rawlins," I should never have recognized as Mr. Morton. He looked ten years younger than when I first saw him; his dress, too, was improved, and altogether he seemed to me a happy, and quite a handsome man.

"Just come from Beconsfield, Miss Rawlins?" said he, taking my hand, and pressing it warmly. "I wonder I did not see you before, but I suppose you must have been in another carriage. All well at home?"

"Quite well, sir; thank you," answered I rather distantly. "But how is Miss Glenfield?"

"Very well indeed—getting on nicely. But I see I am detaining you from your friends," as a group of strangers approached to where I was standing; and again pressing my hand, he bowed, and hurried away. I was vexed; but as I had seen the doctor, what use was there in my waiting two hours to go down to Beconsfield?"

In the evening, as we were sitting at tea at home, I introduced the subject of Miss Glenfield's possible cure; and after alluding to Mr. Morton's skill, asked boldly whether he was married.

"Married!" repeated my mother, looking up in surprise. "No, Louisa, no. He is one of those old bachelors who would grudge himself a wife. Why, Anne lived there as housemaid, and she says he keeps the servants on board-wages, and almost starves himself."

"I don't know," said I, vexed to hear the doctor depreciated, "what business Anne has to talk of those who employ her. He seems to me a kind and benevolent man."

"He may be so, Louisa, in his profession," remarked my father, looking up from his evening paper; "but depend upon it, he is not generally benevolent. Why, I once applied to him myself about the poor Poles, and he refused to subscribe one shilling: he never gave to public charities, he said—nor to private ones either, in my opinion."

All this was nearly conclusive, but I resolved to hazard another inquiry. The next morning, I went to a milliner, a friend of ours, who resided in the vicinity of Regent Street.

After admiring her elegant novelties, and attending to a little affair of my own, I spoke of my young friend and Mr. Morton, and then smilingly asked her whether she worked for Mrs. Morton.

"I work for Mrs. Morton and her family too," replied my friend; "but not the lady of the aurist, but of his brother, a respectable solicitor. In fact, the Mr. Morton you mean has no wife, and if he had, I am afraid the poor lady would scarcely employ me"—she went on smiling and shrugging her shoulders—"for Mrs. Morton tells me he is terribly stingy."

As this confirmed what I had previously heard I felt satisfied, but before replying to my sister, resolved to call on Mr. Morton myself.

He was at home, and evidently very glad to see me; but when I said that my sister, Mrs. Rawlins, was very anxious to know when he could pronounce a decided opinion as regarded Miss Glenfield, I remarked that he colored, and seemed rather embarrassed. He paused a moment.

"To tell you the truth, Miss Rawlins," said he hurriedly, "I should like to finish the cure at home." He hesitated. I looked at him, but knew not what to reply. I suppose I must have appeared much delighted, for there was no mistaking his meaning. His own countenance brightened, and he went on, with little circumlocution, to say, that he had conceived a great regard for Miss Glenfield; that he was sure she was the only woman who could make him happy; and that he was very desirous of making her his wife.

I could scarcely restrain my feelings at the idea of poor Amelia's good-fortune; however, I managed quietly to congratulate him on his choice, to speak in the highest terms of Miss Glenfield's ladylike demeanor, and her amiability and affectionate disposition; "but then," I added, "you know she is poor and friendless, and has a dependent sister."

"As to her sister," replied the aurist, "I like Rebecca almost as well as—as Miss Glenfield; and as to their being friendless, between you and me, Miss Rawlins, I don't think that much of a loss: I shouldn't like to be troubled with a wife's tribe of relations." Again the word *wife*! but I preserved a calm countenance; and as he hesitated anew, I ventured

to ask when the wedding was to take place, "for I suppose," I added, "Miss Glenfield and you have already settled it."

"Why, no, Miss Rawlins; indeed, Amelia has not settled any thing; but I don't think she would object. I wanted to have spoken to you or Mrs. Rawlins: I think Mrs. Rawlins must be ill, for I have not seen her for some time; and, indeed, I did go to Mrs. Morton, my brother's wife, and requested her to visit Amelia, telling her that she was a daughter of the gentleman my brother had served his articles to. And what do you think she said—that she had no idea of visiting a mere adventuress! That woman shall never cross my threshold again. Miss Glenfield is a gentlewoman, and could not have used such language. Could not you and Mrs. Rawlins manage the affair? I will write to Amelia this afternoon, to prepare her, as to the time, although the essential part I consider settled already; and pray, Miss Rawlins, let the matter be arranged as soon as possible, so that I may be able to attend to business as usual. There will be some little matters of dress required," he went on: "there are two fifty-pound notes for Amelia; if she wants more, you will be so good as to write. Of course, when she is in her own house, she will have every thing at her own disposal. And there is another fifty for Rebecca; she will be an essential companion for her sister when I am from home."

I took the notes in a perfect bewilderment. There was I, a young maiden of twenty or so, preparing for my own bridal, which was to take place in a fortnight, quietly arranging with a stranger the preliminaries for the wedding of another.

"But I forgot to tell you, Miss Rawlins," resumed Mr. Morton, "that I am going this evening to Mr. Glenfield, the proctor, Amelia's uncle. He has shamefully neglected her; but as he is her uncle, and is a respectable man, I will ask his consent to the marriage, and invite him to attend, if it was only to vex my brother's wife."

I walked home in a dream. Why do romancers puzzle their brains to bring about their consummations by means of extraordinary events and coincidences? Could any thing be simpler than the present concatenation, any thing wilder than the results? These two poor, lonely, helpless girls, whom I had left sitting by their cottage-door, working for bread—the one in utter darkness, the other surrounded by dread silence which thunder itself could not break—behold them now coming forth from their solitude into comfort, competence, and society; the blind clothed in smiles of happiness, and feeling no want of eyes as she leans on her sister's arm, and the deaf with love in her full heart, and the music of all nature in her ears! It was delightful to think that I had myself a part in bringing about this consummation; and yet, as I walked, my eyes filled, and in spite of all my efforts, the tears came rolling down my cheeks.

Soon after, my own marriage took place, and I removed to another part of the country. In due time—that is to say, is less than a month—I received a letter from my mother, giving me all the news. My mother stated that she had bestowed as much attention, and felt almost as much interest in Miss Glenfield's bridal, as she could have done in that of one of her own daughters. She added, she was not at all surprised at the interest I had evinced in Mr. Morton's choice; "and I really begin to be of your opinion, Louisa, as to his kindly disposition; and as for his being parsimonious—so far as I have seen—it is rather Mrs. Morton, who will limit the expenditure of the family. I wish you had seen Miss Glenfield in her bridal-dress—she looked so beautiful, so calm, so ladylike. Poor Rebecca scarcely knew what to do; but I had her by my side, and she wept her tears on my bosom. Poor girl! she whispered to me that she thought it was the first time she had ever really regretted her loss of sight, she should so like to see her sister."

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From the Economist, 30 April.

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS: ENGLAND'S DUTY.

OUR readers will be well aware that the present grave conjuncture can be no surprise to us. From the commencement of the year we have uniformly maintained that the difficulties which had gathered round the great Italian problem were too complicated, too deep seated, and too inherent, to be solved otherwise than by the sword. Mere passions may be calmed; mere interests may be compromised; mere misunderstandings may be cleared up;—but quarrels between parties whose ideas are utterly and fundamentally at variance, whose objects are intrinsically antagonistic, and whose very existence, unchanged and co-equal, is incompatible, admit of no adjustment; and, when a certain point of exacerbation has been reached, must be decided by ascertaining which party is the strongest. All other measures but war are mere palliatives and postponements. "Natural enemies" must fight, till the weaker gives way and the mightier has its will. Austria and Sardinia, considered as Italian States, were such "natural enemies": that is to say, each had aims—logically dictated by the necessities of her position and by the doctrines of government and right conscientiously held—which yet were irreconcilable and mutually destructive;—each was an eye-sore in the other's horizon, a thorn in the other's side, a serpent in the other's path;—a despotic Power surrounded by suppliant and hated Princes, and a Constitutional Power surrounded by suppliant and suffering Peoples, were incompatible existences;—no compromise was possible between them,—and it was sheer folly or sheer mockery to speak of such. To a war it must have come sooner or later;—and, that being the case, we are not disposed to lament that it has come now.

But it has come so suddenly that men are startled and bewildered, and few know what to think or how to act. The peremptory summons of Austria, the haughty refusal of Sardinia, the passage of the Ticino by the Austrians, the arrival of the French auxiliaries in Piedmont, and the alliance between France and Russia, have been announced to us almost at once; and, as might have been expected, have created, especially among those (we fear our Ministers among the number) who still clung to the hope of peace, a degree of alarm which, however natural, is we think exaggerated, and may be mischievous. These announcements, it is true, may be highly colored, or may be premature; but we will assume them to be fundamentally and at least prospectively correct. On this supposition, then, we are anxious to look the crisis (which we admit to be a most serious one) quietly

and fairly in the face; and endeavor to distinguish its real features, and ascertain if possible what dangers it threatens and what course of conduct it ought to suggest. The treaty offensive and defensive between France and Russia is the announcement which has caused most uneasiness, because it is supposed to indicate designs of conquest, to involve a European as distinguished from an Italian war, and to endanger in the distance our own cherished hopes of absolute neutrality. Let us see how far these impressions are well grounded.

We have already explained more than once why we consider the absolute neutrality of England in the conflict between Austria and Sardinia as commanded both by clear policy and moral obligation. We are not at all inclined to find fault with the conduct of Sardinia towards her great foe and rival. We think she has acted with great spirit, with great judgment, and almost as circumstances necessitated; and if we deem her rash and unwise in calling in that French assistance for which in one shape or other she must pay so high a price, this is rather a sin against prudence than against right, and, moreover, is a blunder for which the coldness and the Austrian leanings of our Government ever since the Conferences of Paris are in a great measure to blame. But we cannot take part with Sardinia, because she has called in a despot to her aid in fighting the battle of Italian freedom; because, thus assisted, she does not need us; and because also we are not certain that her ultimate designs are as pure and disinterested as they should be. We cannot take the side of Austria, because in the Italian question we hold her to be altogether in the wrong, because we utterly abhor and condemn the whole course she has pursued in that Peninsula, and because in a word all our best and warmest sympathies go with her victims and her adversary.

So far was clear; and even Lord Derby at the Mansion House—wiser than Lord Derby in the House of Lords—proclaimed his adhesion to the doctrine of English neutrality in the impending war. But it is apprehended now that the case is materially altered by the treaty between France and Russia; that this treaty and the peculiar terms of it, indicate mistrust of or designed hostility towards this country; and that these two Powers would scarcely combine at such a crisis against Austria and in furtherance of Sardinian aims, without ulterior intentions of remodelling the territorial map of Europe. Under such circumstances, it is feared, neither the dignity, nor the honor, nor the safety of this country will permit her to remain a mere spectator of the conflict.

Now, in the first place, we do not read in

the alliance between France and Russia—supposing it to be as stated—any such covert hostility to Great Britain as alarmists fancy. That one motive of this proceeding is to neutralize any possible action on our part in favor of Austria, we entertain no doubt whatever. But this precaution we hold to be permissible enough. The French Emperor, believing that he and his ally Sardinia have a just ground of war against Austria—or, if we please, being resolved to “have it out” with that Power now that he has found a plausible pretext,—is resolved not to be interfered with. Our Cabinet have used language which may well make him fear that under certain contingencies they might have been as much inclined to help Austria as they have shown themselves inclined to praise her:—he is wise, therefore, to provide an ally who will help him to occupy our fleet *in case we should* manifest an intention of intervening therewith in the dispute. We do not see any need to suppose designs more unfriendly than this. As for Russia, we have long known that ever since the Crimean war she has been cultivating friendly relations with France and Sardinia, and has been waiting for a fit occasion to repay Austria for her hostile though passive and selfish proceedings during that disastrous contest; and we cannot wonder that she should embrace so promising an opportunity as that now offered. Nor can we see why we should regard the mission of a fleet into the Mediterranean (if she really has one to send), nor the concentration of a *corps d’armée* on the Gallician frontier to menace Austria, as any act of unfriendliness or any indication of aggressive designs against ourselves. The latter step is no doubt designed to weaken Austria in Italy by compelling her to retain one hundred thousand men in Germany;—but if we have no wish to help Austria in her Italian struggle, why should we quarrel with such a proceeding? Or it may be meant to give Hungary a chance of regaining the independence which in 1849 Russia enabled Austria to crush;—but we, who sympathize with Hungary, and who hold the treatment she met with from those two Powers to be one of the blackest passages in history, cannot quarrel with Russia for seeking to undo her own misdeed. As to the other rumored proceeding—that of sending a fleet into the Mediterranean to co-operate with France,—no doubt that would be done with the intention of aiding France to neutralize our dreaded designs on behalf of Austria; but *if we have no such designs*, why need we concern ourselves with the superfluous efforts of France and Russia to thwart them?

So long, therefore, as the belligerents, whoever they are, confine themselves merely to liberating Italy and restoring Hungary—much

as this might shear Austria of her imposing grandeur—there can be no call for England to interfere, and no justification for her interference, further than by endeavoring to pacify the combatants and mediate between them, whenever an opportunity for doing so with effect and dignity may offer. And at present we see no reason to believe that any designs ulterior to these are entertained; and we think that it will be England’s fault if any such come to a head or are put forth. Of course there are contingencies which would inevitably bring us into the field;—and these contingencies will be best averted by letting them be distinctly understood beforehand. Any attempt on the part of France to extend her boundary to the Rhine, or to seize on Belgium,—would violate distinct treaties which we signed and guaranteed;—but Russia was a party to these same treaties, and we cannot contemplate any such folly or such crime as projects of this nature would involve. Any attempt on the part of Russia to upset the Eastern Settlement and again aggrandize herself at the expense of the Ottoman dominions, would unquestionably be a *casus belli*; but France as well as England is a party to that settlement,—and unless all treaties are to be torn and held in derision, surely treaties so recent and so solemn must be respected. At all events, there is as yet no indication of, and no ostensible reason for suspecting, such nefariously aggressive projects on the part of either France or Russia;—and any thing short of these could not make it either politic or necessary for England to descend into the lists.

There is, indeed, another contingency which needs to be considered. Prussia and the other German States—distrusting Russia and hating France, as they have too good reason for doing—may make common cause with Austria in this war,—and may thus draw upon themselves a French and Russian invasion, with all its terrible and far-reaching consequences. What are we to do in this case? The special circumstances of the case must determine. The conduct of Austria in Italy and Hungary has been so bad, that whatever punishment or loss in *these quarters* may come upon her, we cannot interfere; and if Germany interferes she interferes in a cause which is not German and which is intrinsically bad; and we should deprecate such interference most earnestly. We must use our utmost endeavors to confine the war to the South of the Alps. Failing that, we must intimate distinctly to both Russia and France that we cannot passively witness a war of conquest or any proceeding which issues in the territorial aggrandisement of either. We must at once take measures to place both army and navy on such a footing, not as to numbers

but as to readiness, that if action is forced upon us that action shall be decisive;—secure that then, not only will our neutrality be respected, but our mediation, when the moment for mediation shall arrive, will be welcome and efficient.

From The Economist 4th June.

THE RELATIONS OF ENGLAND WITH FRANCE.

"ALL our wars came from the side of England. The Emperor respected the English people, and would have made any sacrifice to secure peace, except such as would have compromised his honor." Thus said the present Emperor of the French in the little book in which he defended, in 1839, the "Napoleonic ideas" of his uncle; and however little truth there may be in that assertion, it is assuredly true that it was our first foolish and irritating crusade against the French Revolution in which England, in spite of the strong protests of her liberal statesmen, joined that, stamped on our relations with France that hostile and irritating tone which sowed the seeds of the later wars with Napoleon. And we fear there is not a little tendency to revive at the present day the same irritating temper. The foolish war-cries of Germany are echoed in England without grave rebuke as a "sign of the times"; the achievements of the French soldiers, scarcely yet under arms, are contrasted disparagingly with those of Sardinia, who are fighting for their native land; "the morbid desire for conquest and plunder which, in the mind of a Frenchman, means annexation of Italy, and in the mind of a Sardinian means the annexation of Lombardy," is brought before us from day to day, without any corresponding exposition of what the same desire means in the mind of an Austrian. And soon the time may come, unless we are speedily relieved of the present Administration, when the Minister whose last parliamentary office it was to hymn the "dignified conciliation" of Austria, will lead on these reactionary views another step, and give a national expression to what the Germans call our "covert hatred against Napoleonic France."

It is strange that we have not yet learnt the lesson, that for the popular organs of a neutral nation to impute intentional fraud to one of the combatants, and to represent that view as the accepted conviction in England, is the very policy which has so often ensured the commission of the crimes prophesied. Once prepared for every emergency, it is clearly the true policy of a neutral nation to give each party credit for its professions of good intentions, and to do all in its power to hold them to those intentions. We may irritate France into assuming afresh the attitude of

hostility to Europe which she assumed under the Republic, and re-assumed under the Consulate and the Empire; and we cannot think of any thing so likely to force her into that attitude as the conviction that the English are disposed to join the Germans in *anticipating* the apprehended designs of the Emperor. It is a most fatal mistake to suppose that there is any foresight or wise sagacity in preparing national expectation for a hostile act; in preparing the resources of a nation for defence there may be; in preparing the mind of the nation for anger, there is, on the other hand, the very greatest mischief. It too often causes the calamity instead of averting any fraction of its evil results. If there be one reason more than another why we desire the return of a Liberal Government to office, it is that we may give France every motive which a friendly relation with the English Government can give, for redeeming her pledges to Italy. A frank and cordial bearing on the part of England, so long as France adheres to her pledges, will render it far more difficult for her to break through them, than a line of policy which should take for granted that she has already made up her mind to break through them,—while it will not leave England in a weaker but in a far stronger position for resisting openly any attempt of that nature. A Power that is suspected or accused, and that finds itself the object of hostile combinations before it has done any thing to deserve them, can be held in check only by its own good principles; all that it has to fear in case of bad faith, has been brought to bear against it already; it has incurred all the odium, and secured none of the advantages of selfish aggression. A Government, on the other hand, that is trusted both by friends and neutrals, a Government which knows well what are the conditions of the neutrality of the neutrals, has every motive to keep faith, if it values either public respect or its own peace.

We are neutral—and France well knows this—only because we understand the object of the war to be the redemption of Italy from foreign tyranny, and because, while disapproving of the method taken by France in carrying out her purpose, we cannot pretend to disapprove of the object proposed. Russia is neutral for the same reason. Prussia avows herself of the same mind. But once let France break faith with Europe, by attempting to put her own power in the place of Austria, and all these neutrals might, and probably would, combine against her, while Italy would revolt, and Napoleon's prestige, even in France itself, would receive a new shock. It is no easy thing to set at defiance in this way the half of Europe, even if the Emperor were himself in secret disposed to

find an excuse for so doing. But once let us give him the excuse,—once let the English Press persuade the English people, as it is now using every effort to persuade them, that the die is cast, and that if we want to prevent the “annexation of Italy,” we must join at once in the effort to break the Emperor’s power, and the Emperor will be placed in a totally different position towards Europe. The pressure of public opinion on him will be removed; the injury of anticipating the fraud of their ruler will have lashed the French people into fury; the Emperor and the army will be as it were at bay; military success will be their only chance against Europe; and if all the mischiefs of the old Empire return, we shall have had no small share in causing them. We are profoundly convinced, that if there be any mode of bringing down the dangers anticipated by leading organs for the English Press upon Europe, the line they are taking in assuming the bad faith of France, and discussing every question of foreign policy on that hypothesis, is that mode. It will not increase our power to avert evil, if the danger insisted on is actually incurred; it does increase almost indefinitely the danger itself.

From The Economist, 18th June.

FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND GERMANY.

CAN the war be *localized* in Italy? This is now the great question about which every one is thinking, and most, perhaps, of the diplomatists in Europe still writing, to little, if any, purpose. If we thought the answer to this question depended much on diplomacy of any kind, we should not care to hazard one; for a more impressive lesson on the fruitlessness of diplomatic labor, in diverting or even delaying the natural course of events, cannot well be imagined than the massive record of Lord Malmesbury’s correspondence with our Foreign Ministers in Europe during the first four months of this year. But, as the great lesson of that correspondence is, that European States somehow find their way in the long run, through the intricate mazes of apparent diplomatic concessions, to the end they individually desired to attain,—and as the important declarations put forth by France and Russia during the last week exactly tally with the wishes frankly expressed by the same Imperial Governments months ago,—we do feel some confidence that the policy of these Cabinets will travel on in the same track in which it has hitherto proceeded, and, if it seem to vary from time to time under the pressure of external circumstances, will, nevertheless, be guided as nearly as events allow, by the deeper motives which have operated throughout. What, then, are these motives? Are they consistent with the strict limitation of the war to Italy? We think there are sound reasons for hoping that they are.

First, as to France. The proclamation of the Emperor of the French to the Lombards at Milan is strongly, and in the most literal sense *unaffectedly*, favorable to the view we have repeatedly presented to our readers of the policy of that sagacious man. We have never pretended to repose much confidence in his assurances, except so far as they have been strongly supported by his *interests*. The Emperor is almost as frank in speaking for himself. He evidently desires exceedingly to remove the impression prevailing in European Courts, that he is renewing that policy of self-aggrandizement which led to the ruin of his uncle. He is perfectly aware that a mere reaffirmation of the purity of his motives and the magnanimity of his aims will not remove that impression,—nay, that it might even tend incidentally to confirm it. He has, therefore, the courage to indicate freely motives,—not indeed in themselves otherwise than laudable, but still not in the least heroic,—which convince him that it is now his real interest to play a disinterested game towards Italy. The following sentences, in his proclamation to the Lombards, are so frank in this respect, as to adhere very closely to the exact line of argument which we have ventured to use in pleading against the anti-Gallican terrorists both of this country and of Germany:—“Your enemies,” he says, “who are also mine, endeavored to diminish the sympathy which was felt in Europe for your cause, by making it to be believed that I only made war from personal ambition, or to aggrandize the territory of France. *If there are men who do not comprehend their epoch, I am not of the number. In the enlightened state of public opinion, there is more grandeur to be acquired by the moral influence which is exercised than by fruitless conquests, and that moral influence I seek with pride, in endeavoring to restore to freedom one of the finest parts of Europe. Your reception has already proved to me that you have understood me. I do not come here with the preconceived system of dispossessing the Sovereign, nor to impose my will on you. My army will only occupy itself with two things, to combat your enemies and maintain internal order. It will not throw any obstacle in the way of the legitimate manifestation of your wishes.*” This declaration is remarkable, because it distinctly admits that to gain the good opinion of Europe and influence in its councils, is the first wish of the Emperor. This we can all credit. He understands thoroughly the great blunder committed by his uncle in setting all Europe against him. He understands equally well that, with that menacing precedent before their eyes, the great and little Powers of Europe would take unanimous alarm far more speedily now than they did during the first

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Empire, if he were voluntarily to pursue a scheme of territorial aggrandisement. He knows that it is exactly some definite step towards such a policy that Austria most devoutly desires, and Russia most eagerly deprecates. He is aware that any sign of such intention would bring down Germany upon him directly, and at the same time arrest Russia's friendly intentions on his behalf. All this he knows, and knows also that the name of "Liberator of Italy," if well deserved, would do more to establish his throne and family in France and his influence in Europe, than even the complete command of the "French lake," the temporary annexation of Egypt, or the re-establishment of French satraps in Etruria or Naples. Napoleon III. can look forwards and backwards with an insight very unusual among rulers. He estimates truly enough the blunders, without showing any sensitiveness as to the crimes of his great predecessor. We believe it is his rare faculty at once to be ambitious, and to know in what career the maximum of gratification can be obtained for the least sacrifice. And if he is really thus endowed, he will see that every step, and still more every success, of his invading armies beyond the boundaries of Italy, will more than cancel the glory they may have won for him on the Ticino, the Mincio, or the Adige.

Next, as to Russia. The circular of Prince Gortchakoff to the German Courts, dated only three weeks ago, and just made public, confirms strongly the view which we have always taken of her present attitude, and which the blue-book just published on Italian affairs shows to have been the true view of her position from the commencement of the present crisis. Russia has not disguised from the first that she wishes well to the Italian cause, and would gladly see Austria shorn of some portion of her power. She has avowedly thrown all her weight into the French scale from the beginning,—and now intimates pretty clearly that if Germany makes an unprovoked aggression on France to aid the Austrian cause in Italy, she should feel at liberty to divert the attention of Germany by herself entering the field on the opposite side. But no one who has traced the history of the part she has taken in these negotiations, can think she desires war for *territorial purposes of her own*,—that she is inclined to renew her old pretensions in the East of Europe, or to enter the field on a large scale in conjunction with France for the sake of a partition of Europe. She wishes to neutralize the threats of Germany, and that is, we believe, all. As early as the 26th January last, Sir J. Crampton writes to Lord Malmesbury that he had, in an interview with the Russian Minister, Prince Gortchakoff, been exhorting Russia "to lay

aside any feeling which she might entertain, favorable or unfavorable, to either of the two great powers [France and Austria], and join England in trying to secure peace." Prince Gortchakoff replies:—"Russia desires peace, and even requires it for the development of the great measures of internal improvement in which she is engaged. But I remarked that you used the phrase 'throwing aside all feeling, favorable or unfavorable, towards the parties in question;' and I should be departing altogether from the frankness you invite, were I to allow you to suppose that we could associate ourselves in any course of action to which that was to be a condition. In a word, we cannot weigh France and Austria in the same balance. Our relations with the former are cordial,—with the latter they are far from being so." Prince Gortchakoff then refers to the old grievances connected with the conduct of Austria during the Crimean war, and in conclusion, said that, "although sincerely desirous that peace should be maintained, I do not tell you that, should it unfortunately be otherwise, we should, under no circumstances, take part in the contest. We reserve to ourselves entire liberty of action in this respect."

This is frank enough. And in perfect consistency with the tone of this conversation is the direct denial given by both Russia and France to the rumor that their mutual "understanding," whatever its purport, had the smallest relation to Eastern Europe. It is stated most explicitly, and apparently with perfect good faith, that it "*had reference solely to the Italian question.*" And now, again, the recent circular of the Russian Government to the German Courts, warning them against any aggression upon France, is couched in a tone perfectly consistent at once with her pacific wishes and her grudge against Austria. "We are equally interested," says the circular, "[with the Cabinet of Berlin] in the maintenance of the balance of power, and in this respect our vigilance will not cede to that of any one. As regards the integrity of Germany . . . we think it almost needless to recall, history in hand, that that interest also has not been indifferent to Russia, and that she has not recoiled at sacrifices when the point was to save it from real danger. But the renewal of these sacrifices would not be warranted, in the opinion of His Majesty the Emperor, if caused by a voluntary act of violence. . . . Our desire, like that of the majority of the great Powers, is now to *localise* the war, because it arose out of local circumstances, and because it is the only means of accelerating the return of peace." This language is sufficiently temperate; and we confess that we regard the anti-Austrian bias of Russia as a circumstance really favorable, in the present excited and alarmist attitude of

Germany, to the limitation of the war. But for this check on the party declarations of Germany, we doubt whether there would not be already a war on the Rhine as well as on the Po. The strong hatred felt in Germany towards France would never have been kept in check by the wisdom of Prussia and the influence of England alone. But as it is all but certain that any disposition on the part of the German States to anticipate the expected aggression of France, would, in the adhesion of Russia, secure for France a new and powerful ally,—every exhortation of England and every protest on the part of Prussia receives a twofold weight.

And this brings us at once to the somewhat anxious question of Prussian policy. Notwithstanding the reproaches of the frantic little States of Bavaria and Hanover, the attitude assumed by Prussia has been hitherto calm, patriotic, and dignified in the highest degree. She joined cordially with England and Russia in the endeavor to prevent the war; she joined as cordially in the protest against the Austrian ultimatum. What is more, she has boldly assumed an attitude of firm and commanding superiority to the other States of the German Confederation,—resisting the dictation of Austria, and rebuking the panic of the minor States. "We are firmly determined," said the Prussian Government, on the 22nd April, "not to allow ourselves to be dragged by Austria into a war against our will. Every attempt made in this direction will be resisted by us in the most determined manner. Nor do we intend to let ourselves be influenced by any votes of a majority. We shall take care to maintain the safety of German territory, but for every thing beyond that, we reserve to ourselves the fullest freedom." Again: "The European position of Prussia would be utterly lost, if she were to allow herself after this fashion to be dominated by Austria, assisted by a majority of the Diet." This was the tone of Prussia at the end of April. Now, since the retreat of the Austrians to the Mincio, we are told that she is mobilizing six new corps d'armée, equivalent to about three hundred thousand men, and that there is danger of her interference on behalf of Austria, even without any menace to German territory. We cannot believe that Prussia would so lightly and culpably abandon a policy evidently so well considered, so firmly pursued, so necessary at the present juncture. The advance of the struggle in Italy towards the Southern boundary of the Austrian Tyrol, a State which belongs to the territory of the "German Confederation," may be quite reason sufficient for her new measures, which are officially announced as only "precautionary." That Prussia must, by the terms of the league, interfere, in case the tide of war touches

strictly German soil, there is, we believe, no doubt. The stronger her position, the more powerful her army, the more likely will it be that the allies will use every pains not to cross even the borders of German territory. And if the attitude of Prussia thus induces them to avoid giving Germany any formal *casus belli*, the best purpose of a powerful army will be effectually answered. Prussia will deserve and win the deepest gratitude of the other States of Europe, if, by the moderation of her policy, she can at once keep Germany and Russia out of the struggle, and so withhold all excuse from either Austria or France for drawing the North, and perhaps East of Europe into the fray.

From the Saturday Review, 18 June.
THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

THE conduct of a large portion of our aristocracy and upper classes to Louis Napoleon will form one of the least glorious episodes in the history of this country. When he appeared as the oppressor of French liberty, red-handed from the *coup d'état*, Knights and Prelates of the Garter were too happy to bind the badge of English honor on his knee, and his crimes seemed rather to lend a gusto to their adoration. Now that he appears as the friend of Italian liberty, it is suddenly remembered that he is steeped in treachery and murder, and the cry is to buy rifles and stand on your guard against a brigand. It is to be hoped that the new Government in their foreign policy will have the discretion to avoid both extremes. Diplomacy would err much less often, and much less dangerously, if it would simply follow the rules of conduct which guide men of sense and honor in private life. Louis Napoleon should be treated by an English Government as a man of very questionable character and intentions would be treated by an English gentleman who had to do business with him in the usual course of the world. He should be treated with scrupulous fairness, with perfect courtesy, with high-bred reserve, and with a quiet vigilance which, as it has England in its keeping, should never sleep. If this had been done from the first—if the natural dictates of English honor had been followed in dealing with a violator of all the rules on which English honor is built—a dark page would have been torn from the history of the world. There would have been no Russian war in 1854, the brave men who died in that war would still be with us, the money lavished in it would be in our pockets, Russia would have remained our fast friend, the councils of Europe would have been still united, and Louis Napoleon would never have dared to commence the present war.

Our Bonapartist journals point to the Milan proclamation as if that ought to annihilate all suspicion and strike detraction dumb. Louis Napoleon, it seems, has officially assured the Milanese that he is a man of most chivalrous character: that he understands his epoch; that he means no mischief; and that, having come under the pretext of liberating them, he will not make them slaves. Who, after this, will venture to say that we ought to keep an eye upon his movements? Why, did these journalists expect him to tell the Milanese in a proclamation that his aim was conquest—that he meant to follow his uncle—and that, having used them against Austria, he would turn their country into a satrapy of France? Did they ever expect him to say that, after beating the Austrians, he would do “the Devil knows what?” Did he swear to the citizens of the French Republic, on being elected President, that he would make a *coup d'état*, clap the Assembly into prison vans, establish himself as despot, and shoot down or transport to Cayenne every person who did not appear gratified at that arrangement? Did he even swear that his intentions were at that moment uncertain; and that there was no saying what he might do if circumstances proved favorable and opportunity offered. Or did he swear to them over and over again to maintain their laws and liberties inviolate to the last drop of his blood? “If there are men who mistake their epoch, he is not one of them.” Who can charge the Louis Quatorze of Compiègne with mistaking his epoch? Who can charge with mistaking his epoch a Sovereign who has restored to France, after thirty years of Constitutional government, the *régime de lettres de cachet* and the Bastille? We admit that the phrases of the Proclamation are fine. But why is a “historiographer” carried about with the baggage of the army, if it is not to supply fine phrases?

There is no need for a panic. There seem to be causes enough moving Louis Napoleon to undertake the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy without supposing any ulterior views of conquest on his part. There is the desire to reap glory on an easy field, there is his traditional and family feeling for Italy, there is (perhaps more powerful than all) the menacing call of his old brethern of the Carbonari, who summon him to liberate Italy on his oath, and with their daggers at his breast. No one can pretend to say positively that he is not at this moment under an access of chivalrous feeling, or that he is not really crusading for the principle of nationality—a highly convenient principle, let us remark, in passing, for France, who, being herself a very large nation, is naturally jealous of the aggregation of the smaller nations into Powers capable of balancing her own. But, at the time,

all the facts tally equally well with the supposition that the scheme is, having avenged Moscow with the help of England, next to avenge Leipsic with the help of Russia, and then—with perhaps the same help—to turn round and avenge Waterloo. We are not of opinion that such a scheme would be a hopeful one. We are of opinion that its projector would prove to have “mistaken his epoch,” and that he would speedily find the difference between the European nations of 1793 and the European nations of 1859—between the well-drilled army of the Empire and the fiery crusaders of the Republic, and between himself and the First Consul. But one thing is certain—that, if such a scheme is entertained, it will be conducted, in every step of it, with the same plotting duplicity which was employed in laying the train for the present lawless enterprise, and veiled with the same solemn professions and the same profound dissimulation. We have to do with one who professes to mean—and who, it is quite possible, may mean—well to us, but who is the master of vast means of aggression, and is utterly free from the bond which can alone produce security between nation and nation, as between man and man.

The sympathy of the English people for Italy is not doubtful. The only exceptions are a few Ultramontanists, born in England but not Englishmen, and half-a-dozen surviving politicians of the Metternich school. Of this every Italian who has set foot in England must be sure. But as between France and Austria, Austria, vanquished or victorious, fights for the law of nations and for the independence and honor of the world. The fact that she struck the first blow at those who were hastening their preparations to strike her, can put her in the wrong only in the eye of technical diplomacy. She was the victim of a long-projected and deep-laid plot; and the necessity to which she would be driven of becoming the aggressor, in order to save herself from bleeding to death, was a part of the plot, and was just as much the subject of calculation as any other part of it. No sincere overtures were ever made to her—no fair opportunity was ever given her of settling differences and redressing grievances by diplomatic means consistently with her security and honor. She was marked out as a grand and easy victim, acceptable to the French army and the French nation, and she was irritated till she rushed upon the spear. The army which is “liberating” Italy from her yoke is itself the mainstay of a despotism far more oppressive, far more immoral, and far more actively retrograde than any old despotism is, or is likely to be. That army is the one source of danger and disquietude to Europe, without which the nations might reap the

fruits of their industry in peace. It is constantly kept up on more than a war footing in profound peace, for standing purposes of piratical aggression which are dear and familiar to every soldier in its ranks. It belongs to, and is animated by, the spirit of a nation which has been taught by a series of ambitious rulers to place its honor and happiness in trampling on the honor and happiness of other nations. Every blow which is struck against this army is struck for the integrity of other than Austrian territory, for the honor of other than Austrian women, for the secur-

ity from rapine of other than Austrian homes. When the crisis arrives—as arrive, in the present course of events, it soon must—it will be the duty of the English Government to carry out the double wish of the English people, by securing the independence of Italy without yielding to the ambition of France. It may be necessary, for that purpose, to take high ground, and to show that England, too, feels herself strong; and for this we ought to be, in spirit and in armament, thoroughly prepared.

ORNAMENTAL GLASS.—For the brilliant lustre of our glass, that splendid crystal look like the purest of pure Wenham Lake ice, the English makers have long been unrivalled; but in some cut, enamelled, and colored glass in various fantastic forms, the foreign manufacturers surpass us. Some splendid specimens of ornamental glass are to be seen now. Messrs. Phillips have a pair of semi-opaque white amphora shaped vases, about three feet high, of Bohemian manufacture, the corresponding pair being in the possession of the Queen. The form of these is beautifully true and symmetrical.

A very elegant application of spun glass is exhibited by Messrs. Osler. It is of true Venetian work in the form of little baskets of various forms. The glass is of different colors, and is woven together, giving a very delicate silky kind of wicker-work in glass. The display of crystal chandeliers at Messrs. Osler's new room in Oxford street is really enough to make one feel proud of the nation of shopkeepers. The room, too, designed by so distinguished a man as Owen Jones, is of itself a work of art remarkable for great originality and beauty of design. Next to making fine glass is showing it well, for even a diamond looks dull when badly set; and so this new salon of Mr. Osler's forms a splendid setting for his crystals that sparkle like diamonds hanging in clusters from the roof. The lighting by day is given by myriads of star shaped openings in the arched ceiling, each filled with colored glass of different tints; by night it is lit by star shaped gas-lights. The sides of the room have large mirrors upon a crimson flock paper, and the tables are all mirrors; so that glass is to be admired in almost every form.

In engraved glass we are fast gaining upon the domain of the German and French artists of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries. We have seen at Apsley Pellatt's some extremely good species of work in engraving. Some of these are also very beautiful in execution, and tastefully designed. We should men-

tion particularly finger-glasses, and others engraved with the leaf and flower of the water-lily, as if rising from the water. Another very pleasing example was a water-jug and glasses ornamented with the passion-flower. Equally good in its way was a jug engraved with figures and honeysuckle ornaments from the Greek vases.

A very beautiful dessert-set, engraved in the renaissance style of ornament, is not only remarkable as a very elaborate production, but interesting from the fact that we have men among us ready to give as much as five hundred pounds for such a very fragile work of art-manufacture. This should give great encouragement to skilled artisans, for we may be sure our wealthy manufacturers will always find purchasers for the really beautiful and good articles. Indeed in this one department of engraved glass, it is with great difficulty the demand for it is met.—*Spectator*.

MR. CHARLES OLLIER died on 5th June, aged seventy-one. He was the original publisher of all Shelley's poems, with the exception of "Alastor" and the posthumous works; of the first volume of Keats' poems; of several of the writings of Leigh Hunt; of the collected edition of Lamb's works; and of many other productions of celebrity. Mr. Ollier was the friend of all those celebrated men, for whom he acted as their business agent; and was the means of introducing to the public many remarkable writers of a later day. He was also, himself, an author of unusual powers, though an extreme diffidence in some measure concealed them. But his domestic tale of "Altham and his Wife" was recognized by Sir Walter Scott in an incidental allusion in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*; his romance of "Mesilla" received the praises of Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Dr. Croly, and others; and his fine critical powers in all departments of art were known to many.

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